

The Sketch



No. 535.—Vol. XLII.

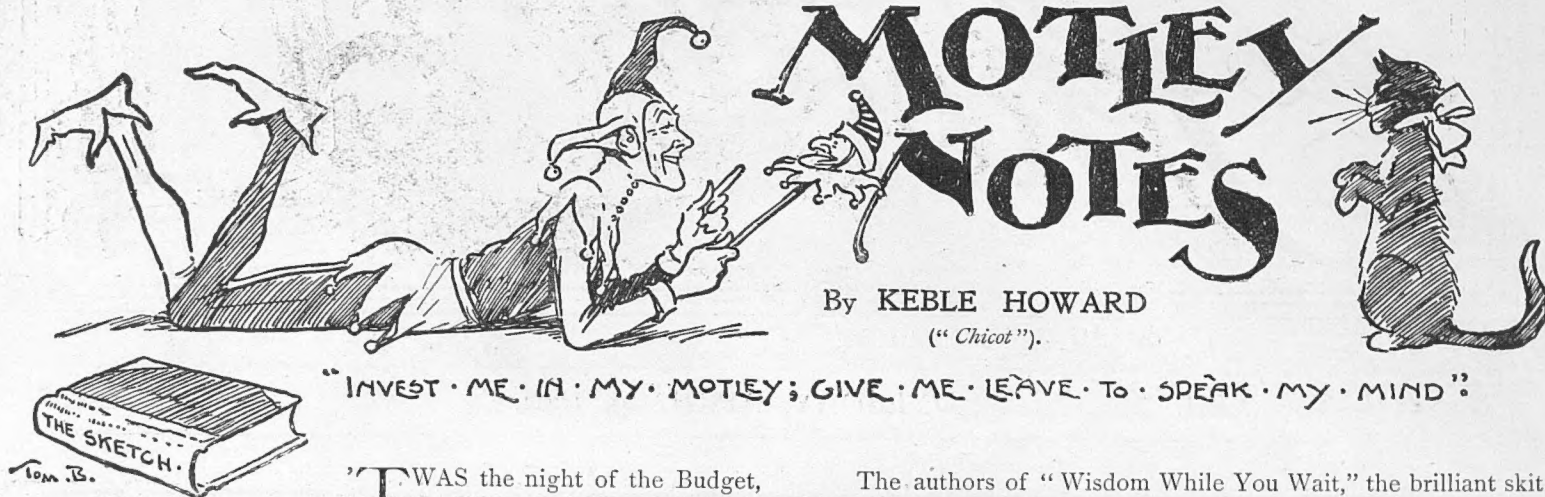
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS SIGURD IN "THE VIKINGS," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photograph by C. P. Small, Church Row, Hampstead.



Tom B.

‘T’WAS the night of the Budget, and four men—a Dramatist, a Novelist, a Sculptor, and a Journalist—sat over a dinner-table in a London flat. The conversation, oddly enough, fell upon the Income Tax, and the four, with one consent, immediately began to state their views as rapidly and as emphatically as possible. When the Dramatist, who happened to be occupying his rightful position of Host, had managed to restore order, the Novelist took a mean advantage of his fellow-guests by stating, in a long paragraph quite devoid of punctuation, his own grievances. It seemed that, whereas he never published more than one book a year and his sales were generally about the same, his income, as officially assessed, grew and grew. Being a helpless individual in matters of money, he had always paid the tax rather than go to the trouble of putting himself right with the authorities. Questioned, faintly, as to the remedy that he desired to advocate, he suggested that an average should be taken for the three years to come instead of the three years that had passed. The advantage of this scheme would be that, during the three years to come, he might die, and it would thus be impossible for anyone to calculate what his income would have been. His hearers, at the conclusion of this speech, remained strangely silent. On looking up, the Novelist discovered that all three were in a state of collapse.

The first to revive was the Sculptor, who had a good deal to say about the iniquity of taxing a business-man and an artist on the same scale. He pointed out that a business-man's business goes on whether he is well or ill, but the unfortunate artist has to depend solely upon his own efforts. The Dramatist, who followed, waxed indignant over the fact that money earned and money inherited is also taxed on the same scale. Indeed, so impressed was he with his arguments that he came within an ace of breaking one of his own wine-glasses. Finally, the Journalist, meekly enough, hinted that small incomes should not be taxed at all. This idea met with a good deal of favour, until the Novelist suddenly turned upon the newspaper-man and asked him what he meant by a small income. The Journalist, naturally enough, gave an evasive answer, and the conversation was thus diverted into another channel. Enough had been said, however, to show that, of all forms of taxation, the Income Tax is the most unfair and the most unpopular. At the conclusion of the banquet, the Novelist hesitatingly proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Ritchie. It is hardly necessary to say that he was immediately suppressed.

There has been forwarded to me a quarterly magazine entitled *Baconiana*. The title is a foolish one, but much more foolish is the *raison d'être* of the publication, namely, to foster the idea that the plays of Shakspeare were not written by a man called Shakspeare, but by somebody else called Bacon. The subscribers to this magazine must be a queer handful. One can imagine them savagely erasing from the fly-leaves of their Shaksperes the name of Shakspeare, and exultantly substituting the name of Bacon. Then, one supposes, they will purr in pleased fashion, settle down in their arm-chairs, and proceed to enjoy the literary feast. Do not, however, misunderstand me. I would not imply that they read the plays. Such a mental exercise were altogether too trivial to satisfy minds so lofty, intellects so gigantic. Rather do they occupy the evening by composing, from the titles, anagrams upon the name of Miss Marie Corelli. Two such achievements are published in the current number of *Baconiana*. Miss Corelli, not to be outdone in reverence for the poet, addresses to the Editor of the magazine a letter of no little strength. Thus does she commence: "I would as soon subscribe to a magazine written by lunatics, and published at Colney Hatch, as to your *Baconia*, which is produced evidently merely . . ." And so forth.

Every man has business and desire, such as it is.

The authors of "Wisdom While You Wait," the brilliant skit that, but a few weeks ago, set us all laughing, have published a Supplement to the former pamphlet, entitled "Wisdom on the Hire System." As the reader will guess, this new publication is intended to poke fun at the *Times* Prize Competition. Unfortunately, however, "Wisdom on the Hire System" is far below the level of its predecessor. The jokes are forced, and even the old wood-cuts have not the freshness and humour about them that did so much to make the success of "Wisdom While You Wait." Feeblest of all, perhaps, are the nonsense verses, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen—

There once was a clerk in a bank,
Whose prospects were perfectly rank;
He developed such brain
In competing for gain
That he's fit to shake hands with a Yank.

Nor can one find anything particularly funny in the Testimonials. Here is one—

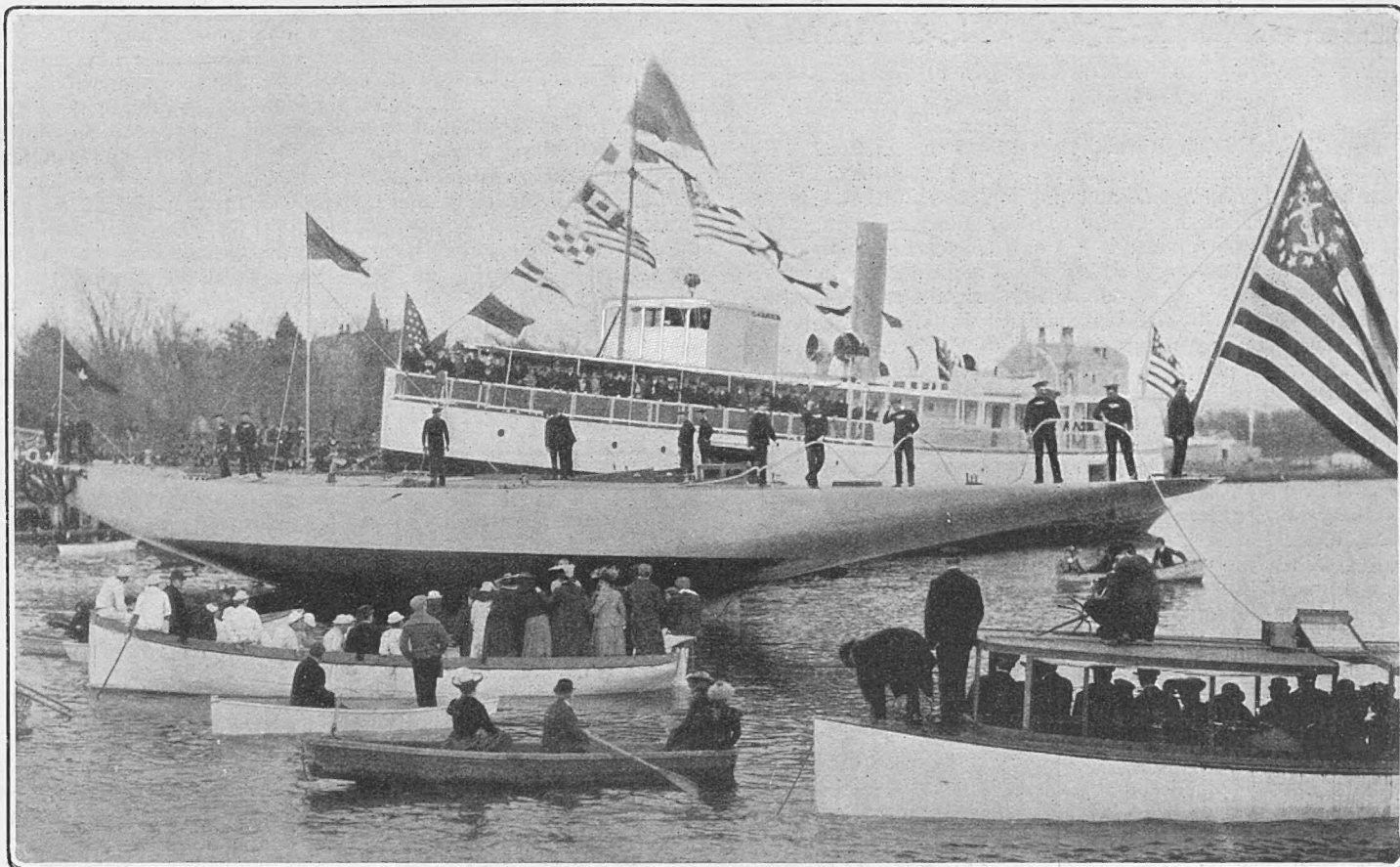
Mr. C. B. Fry writes: "I like your questions immensely, except the one about the eggs. Were they ducks', and if so, were they fried?"

The humour of "Wisdom While You Wait" was so spontaneous and light-hearted that one sincerely regrets the error of judgment that has led the authors to repeat their joke.

It is never wise for a man to act upon the assumption that a woman is a frail creature in hourly need of his protection. This erroneous idea sometimes leads brave members of the sterner sex to expostulate with a drunken gentleman who is trying to kill his wife. In every case of the kind, it has been found that the injured woman joins her husband in attempting to kill the would-be saviour. The latest instance of misplaced chivalry has been brought to light at the West London Police Court. It seems that a man who was travelling to Hampton Court on a crowded tram-car gave up his seat to a lady. Thereupon he was promptly summoned, in company with the conductor and the other passengers who were standing, for riding on an overcrowded car. He explained the matter to the Magistrate, who replied, "I'm afraid that you must pay for that piece of chivalry," and "mulcted" him in two shillings costs. Thus may a fine nature be warped, the soul even of a Sunny Jim embittered!

"The Medal and the Maid," the new musical comedy produced on Saturday evening last at the Lyric Theatre, contains all the necessary ingredients for this sort of theatrical dish. The music, to begin with, is by Sidney Jones, and then we have a "book" by Owen Hall, lyrics by Charles H. Taylor, additional lyrics by George Rollit and Paul Rubens, scenery by Walter Hann and T. E. Ryan, "production" by Sydney Ellison, costumes by Alias and others, and wigs by Clarkson. Other attractions are Ada Reeve, and J. E. Sullivan, and Ruth Vincent, and many beautiful chorus-ladies, and frills, and shoes, and stockings, and jokes about motor-cars, and jokes about the Navy, and jokes about marriage, and jokes about High Society, and topical songs, and patriotic allusions to the King, and a complicated plot in the first Act, and no plot at all in the second Act, and boot-blacks, and flower-girls, and dashes of sentiment, and risky lines, and sun-shades, and intricate dances, and encores, and brigands, and an undiscovered island, and people walking about in ragged clothes, and more jokes about motor-cars, and an uneducated girl who becomes a lady, and a handsome young gentleman in naval costume, and school-girls with long hair, and an Admiral with a bad memory, and, last but not least, additional jokes about motor-cars. All the town will rush to see "The Medal and the Maid."

TWO EVENTS OF CURRENT INTEREST.

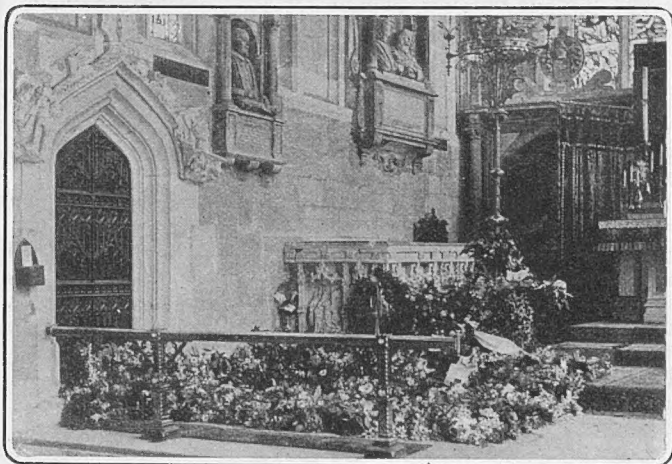


THE LAUNCH OF THE CUP DEFENDER "RELIANCE" AT RHODE ISLAND ON APRIL 11.

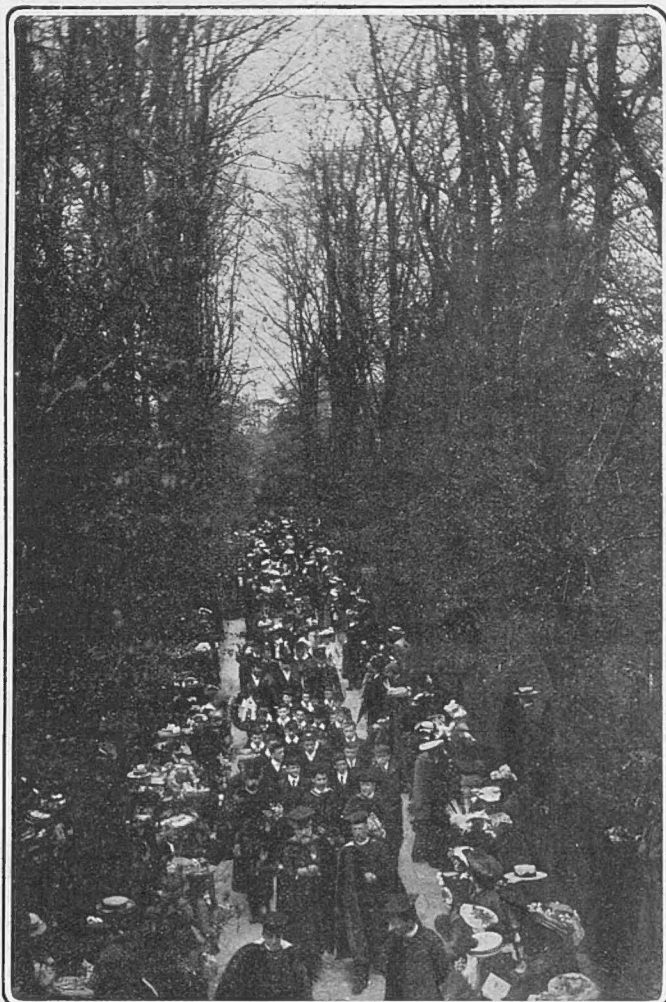
Photograph by Hastings and Miller.



OUTSIDE THE MEMORIAL THEATRE: THE RUSH FOR THE GALLERY.



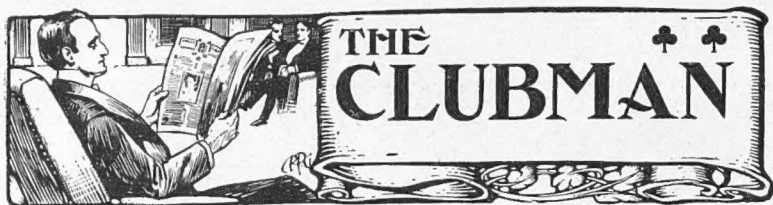
THE POET'S TOMB ADORNED WITH FLOWERS AND WREATHS.



THE PROCESSION TO THE TOMB, HEADED BY THE VICAR, THE MAYOR, AND THE BOYS OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

CELEBRATION OF SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHDAY APRIL 23) AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Photographs by W. J. Brunel.



A Paradise in Southern Spain—In the Bodegas of Jerez—A Very Human Wine.

THE hospitality of Spain is the hospitality of the East. A word of introduction from a friend opened to me the doors of two great houses, one in Seville and one in Jerez, and I saw something of the very interesting life of an English family in Spain. The house at Jerez where I was a guest is not only a palace in name, but in reality as well, and it stands in an earthly paradise. The house is splendid with marble and carved stone outside, and the rooms are rich with art-treasures, pictures by the old Spanish Masters, and cabinets and chests which made my mouth water, but which would drive a connoisseur frantic with envy. A vast stretch of turf, a great English lawn which to British exiles must bring memories of home, is on two sides of this house. Trees and palms give shade to it, and there is on its smooth green space a miniature lake where a fountain plays, where broad-leaved water-plants spread great leaves, and lilies bathe their roots, lifting white blossoms to the sun. Round this lake gather some of the winged pets of the house—ducks of the half-dozen varieties to be found in the South of Spain, wild geese, half-a-dozen great bustard, fine, big fellows, who stride about the lawn like racehorses, and two pink flamingoes, who stand on one leg with their heads in impossible positions, apparently asleep. The master of the house and his son are mighty sportsmen, slayers of many stags and wild boar, and two of the very few men who have seen in the deserted land the wild camels of Spain, and when they are shooting and a bird falls winged, it generally is brought to join the happy family by the fountain. The birds grow to be quite tame, and in the morning, when one of the daughters of the house feeds them, they surround her and her attendant dogs, taking the food from her hands.

The garden of this paradise is so large that it might well be called a park. It has its miniature river and its little mountain, its groves, its avenues, its winding paths and straight walks. There are villas and summer-houses, aviaries, pavilions, and many glass-houses in it, and it blazes with a profusion of flowers which could not be found elsewhere in spring, not even in the Riviera.

To the marble pillars of the portico of the house crimson roses cling in vast garlands; round the feet of the palms the creamy roses form a base of snow; in the foliage of the trees, in the darkness of the pines, are the clinging rose-shoots and the abundance of their blossoms. Along the paths the roses are banks of pink, and elbowing them for room are a hundred other flowers—white, scarlet, crimson, purple, violet, yellow, orange—running luxuriantly riot. The geranium-bushes are as high as a man; the "cherry-pie" joins its sweetness to the breath of the roses and the scent of the acacias and orange-blossoms, and the warm air is heavy with the sweet odours. Just now the poppies are flaming as borders to some of the walks, and amidst them are vivid purple flowers the name of which was unknown to me.

A door in a wall opens, and from this garden of delight one passes into an orange-grove which is to this house in Spain what an orchard is to an English house. Some of the trees are powdered with flowers, some are studded with the red of the fruit, and, walking there before breakfast, one plucks the tangerines from the tree. Beyond the orange-grove is a little vineyard, which represents the model farm of England. It has its gnarled little trees flinging out long shoots, its cottage with whitewashed walls, tiled roof, and path bordered with flowers, and, as we sat for a while in the cool shed where the wine-press is, my host told me something of the successful struggle made by the chief vine-growers against the arch-enemy, the phylloxera.

Later, I was shown over some of the great bodegas in the city, a whitewashed town which prides itself upon being as clean as any Dutch village—a most surprising thing in Spain. The long avenues of casks in the high, cool sheds are impressive, but what interested me the most was to learn how the wine is first selected, and then promoted grade by grade from row of casks to row of casks, until it reaches the butts in which it makes its travels to foreign lands. The casks of a new vintage show as much variety of character as though they were human. The grape-juice from one pressing may flow into three casks, all exactly alike, all of equal age. The casks will be stored alongside each other, in exactly the same temperature; but one will soon contain what promises to be a splendid, aristocratic Amontillado; another will show that it intends to be the more showy Oloroso; while the third will indicate that it is going to be a commoner. As the twig is bent, so the contents of the barrel incline. From the criadera, which is the cradle of casks in which the wine is allowed to commence its own education, passing through the various soleras, or other rows, the wine passes, always carefully watched, always with the air gaining free admission to it, until it has worked its own salvation and is promoted to the casks which have never been emptied for a hundred years, is ready to be cleared with white of egg and to be put into the export casks for shipping. Nothing except what comes from the grape goes into the wine; the colouring matter is the wine boiled down to a third; the sweetening is Pedro Ximenes wine made from the dried sherry-grape.

THE BUDGET.

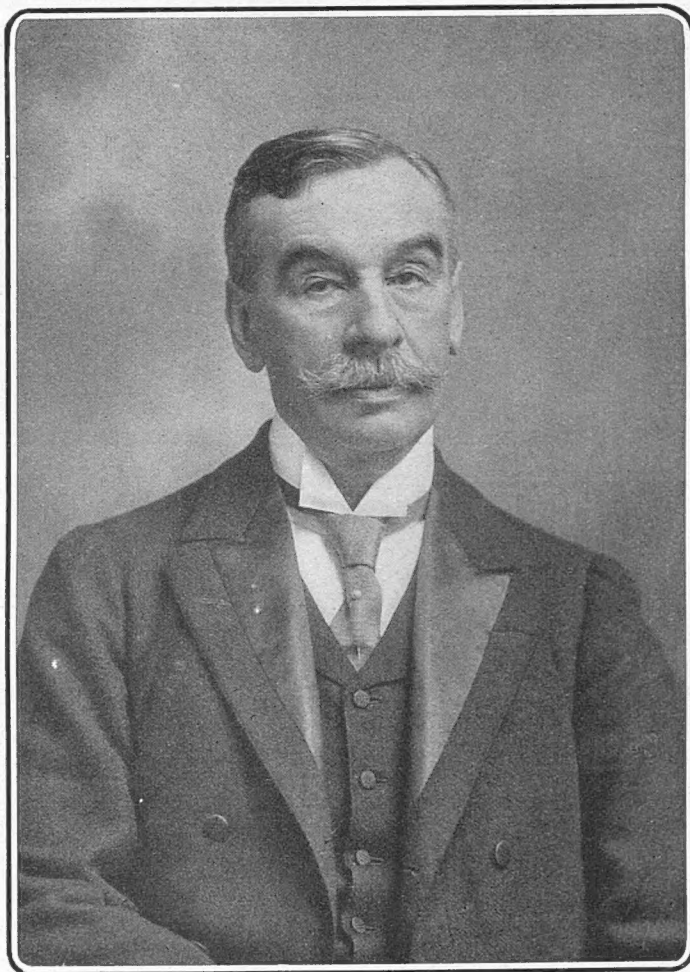
THE Budget surprised the House of Commons. Nobody had expected a greater reduction of the income-tax than threepence. When Mr. Ritchie announced in a merry manner a reduction of fourpence, the House was immensely delighted. The remission of the corn duty was received differently. Some of the Unionists were very relieved to hear the news, while a few, like Mr. Chaplin, showed chagrin. On the other hand, the Liberals burst into laughter. They attributed the concession not to conviction, but to the influence of recent by-elections. The surplus of revenue over expenditure in the new year was estimated by the Chancellor at fully ten and three-quarter millions. By taking fourpence off the income-tax he gives up eight and a-half millions, and by remitting the corn duty he sacrifices two millions.

Some of the figures mentioned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer were gigantic. For instance, he mentioned that the expenditure of last year was one hundred and eighty-four millions, and, including the local taxation account, two hundred and one millions. The Wars in South Africa and China

had cost two hundred and seventeen millions. Of this sum sixty-seven and a-half millions had been paid out of revenue, and one hundred and forty-nine and a-half had been borrowed. We have emerged from the War with a debt equal to £3 7s. 4d. per head of the population. At the conclusion of the great War with France in 1815 the burden was £3 16s. per head. "If the National Debt is not added to," the Chancellor estimates that, under the present arrangement for its reduction, it can be wiped out within fifty years. There are, however, many possibilities in that "if."

Mr. Ritchie's first Budget speech, although not a brilliant piece of oratory, was clear and interesting. He held the attention of the House for an hour and fifty minutes. His speech had been written out in a pile of manuscript, which was divided into bundles according to chapters. He relieved his throat by frequent sips from what appeared to be lemon-squash. Having drained one glassful, another was brought in to him by a colleague, and this also he consumed.

Those who expected Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's return to the House on Budget day were disappointed. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer did not appear. There were, however, two other old Chancellors present, Lord Goschen sitting in the Peers' Gallery and Sir William Harcourt facing Mr. Ritchie. Lord Goschen frequently whispered to the Prince of Wales during the Budget speech. Evidently the Prince was glad to receive explanations on points of finance from so high an authority.



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MISS LILY BRAYTON (MRS. OSCAR ASCHE) AS KATUSHA IN "RESURRECTION," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THIS IS THE PART IN WHICH MISS LENA ASHWELL SCORED A GREAT SUCCESS.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

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SIR HENRY IRVING'S RETURN TO OLD DRURY.

WHEN I left one of the latest rehearsals of "Dante" at Drury Lane just now (writes a *Sketch* representative), everything, or nearly everything, was, as actors say, "shaping well" for this stupendous production to take place to-morrow (Thursday) night, when Sir Henry Irving will make his first appearance at Old Drury for over thirty years. I say "his first appearance," &c., advisedly, for, with the exception of giving for some charity matinee either a short dramatic selection or some deeply tragic or wildly comic recitation, Sir Henry has not rehearsed or acted upon those historic boards since, as a very young man with very long black hair, he was engaged for the late F. B. Chatterton's Drury Lane "Stock" Company. Henry Irving then looked the very image of his brilliant son, "H. B." (who was not then born), and fondly thought, I remember, that, once at Drury Lane, the then Mecca of all struggling actors, his success was assured. But, alas, his histrionic chances were poor throughout his Drury Lane engagement. He was cast for a very meagre "heavy villain" part, namely, Compton Kerr, in the late Dion Boucicault's very "meretricious" melodrama, "Formosa." To make matters worse (for Irving), he was, I remember, extensively denounced and sneered at by the Press of the period.

I could not help thinking of all this early Irving time at Old Drury—a time in which I was also concerned—as I watched certain of Sir Henry's "Dante" rehearsals and preparations or talked them over with my old friend. *Then*, very few had a good word for him. *Now*—But no more of that.

In "Dante," as in any of the plays I have seen him produce for so many years past, Sir Henry Irving proves himself the greatest of stage-managers or "producers," being, of course, ably aided by his lieutenant, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Thus, at this latest possible "Dante" rehearsal that I could glance at before *The Sketch* went to press, I found most minute care being given not only to the acting "principals," but also to separate rehearsals of "chorus," "children," "properties," "limes," yea, and even to "steam," the last-named, of course, being needed for the great "Inferno" Act, which will, I venture to predict, become the talk of all London—and, in due course, of the provinces and of America.

For this "Down Below" Act—with its seven distinct changes of scene, each more Infernal than the other—bids fair to be the most startling stage-effect ever seen in any playhouse. From the "Campo Santo" onwards to the "Fiery Graves" and the "Circle of Ice," everything is crescendo, and, indeed, these "Hell" scenes must perforce impress all beholders even more so than did Sir Henry's wonderful Brocken scene in "Faust" at the just unsold Lyceum.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this "Dante" drama by Sardou and Moreau is gloomy throughout. It is not. There is plenty of idyllic material to leaven the stern, unbending Dante's story of storm and stress circling around him and his sweet young wife, Pia dei Tolomei, and their daughter, Gemma, both played by Miss Lena Ashwell. The Prologue and its white marble Florentine scenery is especially dainty, both as to planning and staging, and the climax at the Papal Palace, Avignon, bids fair to be most impressively dramatic.

Although most of the nearly fifty speaking parts which MM. Sardou and Moreau have written are naturally short, yet several of them strike me as bidding fair to afford good acting scope. Among these I may mention the Cardinal Colonna (Mr. William Mollison), Bernardino (Mr. Gerald Lawrence), Giotto (Mr. H. B. Stanford), Francesca da Rimini (Miss Lilian Eldée), Helen of Swabia (Miss Laura Burt), the Spirit of Beatrice (Miss Nora Lancaster), Corso (Mr. Charles Dodsworth), Ostasio (Mr. Frank Tyars), Ruggiero (Mr. William Lugg), and the Abbess (Miss Wallis).

It is not wise, of course, to prophesy before the event, but, after what I have seen of Sir Henry Irving's casting and staging of Sardou and Moreau's "Dante" (which has been "rendered into English" by Sir Henry's clever second son, Laurence), I feel impelled to predict a great success for it. Certainly it cannot but be a great artistic triumph, and it therefore deserves to be equally successful in a financial sense.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THERE must be something rather piquant to the King in the thought that the Gay City, where he so often enjoyed a brief holiday as Prince of Wales, is now putting forth all her fascinations to welcome him in a fitting manner as Sovereign of a great and friendly nation. Just fifty years have gone by since the King first made acquaintance with Paris, and during the course of his life His Majesty has had many intimate friendships

with distinguished Frenchmen and Frenchwomen; indeed, it is not too much to say that our Sovereign will receive a warm welcome from every political camp. Orleanists, Imperialists, Republicans, and, above all, old-world Legitimists, each and all have a good word to say for the "First Gentleman in Europe."

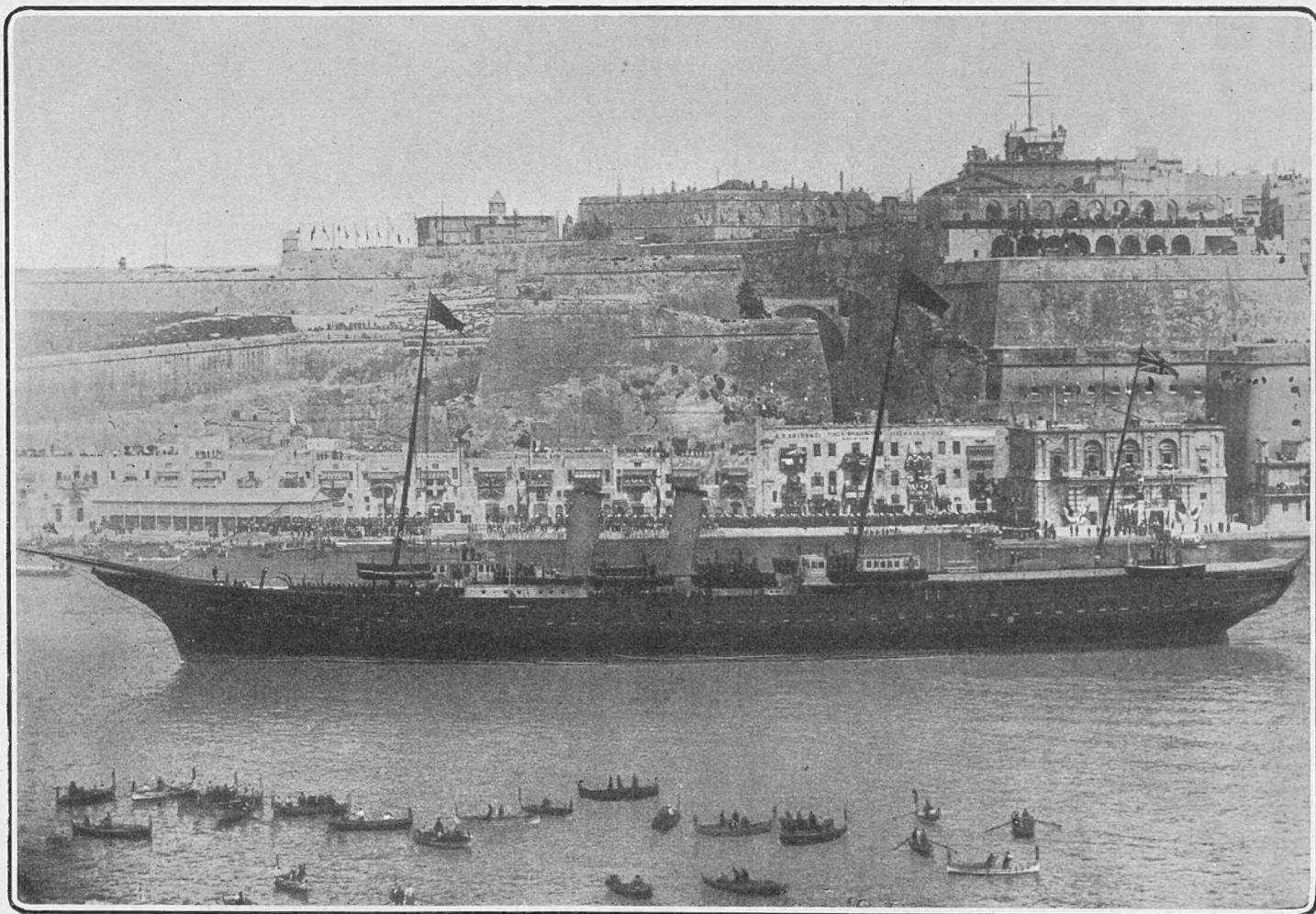
The British Colony.

We in this country do not realise that there is in Paris a very important British Colony, and the leading members of this world within a world are making enthusiastic preparations to welcome in a very special manner their own liege lord, Edward VII. An interesting member of the British Colony is the Hon. Alan Herbert, an uncle of the present Lord Carnarvon, and one of the most esteemed medical men in the Gay City. Of course, the British Colony is largely composed of important tradespeople; the British tailors alone form quite a battalion of prosperous folk, and there is an ever-shifting English population in the artistic Bohemia of Paris. Then a certain number of smart folk have flats in the Champs-Élysées quarter of the town.

The Queen's return from Denmark may be said to mark the opening of the London Season. Her Majesty will spend one of her first evenings in town at the Opera, and, according to those who claim intimate knowledge of such things, our gracious and beautiful Queen-Consort intends to do all in her power to make the Season a brilliant social success. There is even talk of a series of parties at Buckingham Palace, and it is probable that their Majesties will give at least one great ball in honour of the charming group of Royal débutantes, which includes Princess Alice of Albany and the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Their Majesties' visit to Scotland will scarcely interrupt the even flow of the Season, as the King and Queen will be absent only a very few days. Royal plans are now made and unmade far more quickly than was once the case, but every detail of such Royal Progresses as those of their Majesties to Scotland and back are generally settled long beforehand and adhered to with scrupulous exactness.

The Private View of the Year.

On Saturday takes place the most important Private View of the world, for now the Paris Salon no longer has this interesting function. Not only country cousins but even hardened Londoners enjoy this first peep at the year's Art. In the stately rooms of Burlington House many a new beauty has first, as it were, tried her wings; and that section of smart Society which prides itself on its interest and knowledge of Art gathers in force on Private View day. As most people are aware, the pictures are the least important consideration on Private View day; people go to see their friends and to be seen by them, and those hero-worshippers who are there early—soon after the doors open—may chance to see a group of really distinguished folk. In old days, not so very long ago, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Lecky, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Duchess of Cleveland, piloted by her famous son, Lord Rosebery, would all be among the early-morning visitors, and even now most of the really famous private-viewers avoid the vast, unwieldy afternoon crush.



THE KING'S YACHT ENTERING THE GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: HIS MAJESTY IS ON THE BRIDGE.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

The Holyrood Drawing-Room.

Scottish Society is much excited over the question of the Drawing-Room which will be held by both their Majesties at Holyrood on May 12. Six hundred presentations are to take place, and the hour of the function has been curiously fixed at four o'clock. Much speculation is felt as to what Queen Alexandra will wear; if bonnets are, indeed, worn, then the Drawing-Room will be more in the nature of a reception than of the stately ceremonial formerly known by that name. Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her first State visit to Scotland, held a Drawing-Room at Dalkeith Palace, and it was noticed by those present that the most prominent jewel worn by Her Majesty enshrined a portrait of Prince Albert. George IV. delighted the Edinburgh ladies by his gallant and courtly bearing towards them, and it was said at the time that his short visit to Holyrood did more to destroy loyalty to the Stuart cause than fifty years of conciliation could have done.

The New Royal Commission.

It is not too much to say that the whole Empire should be interested in the new Royal Commission; in fact, the subject with which it deals, "Our Food-Supply in Time of War," is of considerable concern to our old friend, the "Man in the Street," for he would be the first to suffer if the supply ran short. The Prince of Wales heads the long and distinguished list of members, and that stalwart Scotch Peer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, is to be Chairman, while the Secretary will be Mr. W. A. Clark, of the Board of Trade. Only one Duke, his Grace of Sutherland, is among the Commissioners, which include, however, his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Chaplin; Sir John Colomb, who can claim to be one of the most popular of the sailor M.P.'s; Mr. J. E. Street, the Chairman of Lloyd's; and Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery, who, as President of the Liverpool Corn Trade Association, should certainly have something to say to the question under discussion.

Mabel, Countess Russell.

Few ladies have seen their personality more discussed of late years than Mabel, Countess Russell. By a curious irony of fate, she bears the title which was held for half a century by the remarkable woman who, first as the wife and then as the widow of the statesman affectionately known to the British people as "Lord John Russell," held a position almost unique in Society, her home, Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, having been visited by most of the distinguished men and women of the Victorian era. The pretty daughter of



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS RUSSELL..

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lena, Lady Scott, has, notwithstanding her youth, had a very variegated career. During her brief appearance on the music-hall stage she made quite a success, her personification of a street Arab not lacking a certain dramatic quality.

A Charming Miniaturist.

The art of miniature has enjoyed of late years a very distinct revival, and among its exponents a special word of praise should be given to Mrs. Massey, the clever, hard-working artist who is so successful in two different branches of work, for her miniatures of dogs are in their own way as individual and delightful as are those done by her of beautiful children. Mrs. Massey has had many Royal patrons, including our kindly Sovereign himself, who expressed himself much pleased with her speaking portrait of his bulldog, Peter. Among her canine sitters have been many famous people's pets, one of her last successes having been a miniature of Lady Brassey's Irish terrier, "Kettle." Among the beautiful children who have sat to Mrs. Massey are the two little girls of Mrs. George Keppel, that future Anglo-American Duke, Lord Blandford, and yet another future Duke, Lady Evelyn Cavendish's little boy.



MRS. GERTRUDE MASSEY.

Photograph by Anthony Percival, College Crescent, N.W.

A Millionaire Bridegroom.

The Vanderbilt romance has excited an extraordinary amount of interest in America, and the father of the Duchess of Marlborough was for some days the most-discussed man in the States, the Yellow Press waxing especially eloquent over his contradicted engagement to Mrs. Rutherford. Mr. Vanderbilt is in some ways the most interesting of the group of great American millionaires who have become, for one reason or another, closely associated with this country. He inherited a fortune estimated at twelve millions sterling from his famous father, and is said to have greatly increased it during the last few years. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man, and has proved himself a most attached father to his only daughter and to his two sons, the eldest of whom is already married. The lady who has now become Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is one of those charming American women who are never so happy as when in Paris. She has spent much of her time of late years in France, but is also often in London, where she is an intimate friend of several members of the American Embassy Staff.

The President's Visit.

Should M. Loubet really pay us a visit—and there seems no reason why he should not—the circumstance will recall to most old Londoners the gorgeous reception awarded Napoleon III. when he came here with his lovely Empress and drove in State through the quarter of London where he had once dwelt in humble bachelor lodgings. Whilst going up St. James's Street, it was observed that His Imperial Majesty directed the Empress's attention to the house where he had spent certain inglorious years, and a mighty cheer burst from the crowd on witnessing the little incident, which was of a nature to make the whole world kin. The only Republican President really familiar with England was Félix Faure, for he spent in London a portion of his apprenticeship. M. Thiers had many warm friends in this country, but, on the whole, French statesmen have been curiously ignorant of English manners and customs. Just now it is interesting to recall the fact that Charles X. spent a portion of his exile in Holyrood Palace.

To-day's Brilliant Wedding.

The last of the April weddings will probably be remembered as the smartest of them all. I refer, of course, to to-day's function at the Guards' Chapel. The bride, Lady Beatrix Herbert, inherits beauty from both sides of the house; through her good-looking father she is a niece of Lady de Grey, through her mother of the Duchess of Leeds and of Lord Durham. Among her bridesmaids will be the American heiress, Miss May Goelet, whose engagement is persistently rumoured. Some charming weddings have taken place at the Guards' Chapel, the last great function of the kind having been that which saw Lady Beatrix Butler and Sir Reginald Pole-Carew joined in holy matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are this week presenting at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, their latest play, namely, Mr. C. Ward's Briton-versus-Boer drama, "One People," of which some account appeared in *The Sketch* when the piece was tried at Liverpool a few weeks ago.

Signor Tamagno. Italy has long been famed for her sweet singers, and, for the gala performance in honour of King Edward, among the performers engaged was the genial Signor Tamagno, who had already often had the honour of singing before King Edward, at Covent Garden. Signor Tamagno is that *rara avis*, a perfect tenor. He is a great believer in the old methods, and studied hard and arduously before making his debut; accordingly he belongs to that group of great artists who are equally at home in every kind of opera, though probably he remains faithful, as regards his musical affections, to those older composers whose popularity even the advent of Wagner and Wagner's many imitators has never really touched.

"The School Girl." One of the most interesting new-play experiments during this week was to have been Mr. George Edwardes's presentment of "The School Girl," which he originally thought of having ready for public inspection at the Prince of Wales's by next Saturday. At the moment of writing, however, it seems likely that postponement may have to set in, and that we may not see "The School Girl" till a few days or even a week later. Miss Edna May has a pretty part to play as the chief heroine, who goes through all sorts of startling adventures.

Opening of Kew Bridge.

The opening of the new bridge at Kew by His Majesty on May 20 is anticipated with much interest by the people of that riverside suburb, and it may be taken for granted that the King and Queen will receive a most loyal and enthusiastic welcome. The new Kew Bridge is a great improvement on the old one; it is much wider, and the steep and dangerous approach has been done away with. Whether the proposal to run the electric-trams over the bridge will be entertained remains to be seen, but, however convenient it might be to join the lines from either side, it may be doubted whether, even with its greater width, the new bridge would be sufficient to accommodate the huge trams and other vehicular traffic without serious inconvenience to passengers and pedestrians alike.

The New Countess of Yarmouth.

Pittsburg millionaire and a connection by marriage of the genial Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

It is surprising that more interest is not being shown in the marriage of the young Earl of Yarmouth to Miss Thaw, the daughter of a Lord and Lady Hertford will be present at the wedding of their son, and the new Countess will enter Society under the pleasantest auspices. Lord Hertford truly deserves the good fortune which has befallen his family, for the marvellous Wallace Collection, which now belongs to the nation, should by rights have been left to him; those wonderful treasures of art and *virtu* now at Hertford House were mostly collected by the fourth Lord Hertford, who, dying a bachelor, bequeathed everything that was in his power to the late Sir Richard Wallace. There is already one American Marchioness—young Lady Dufferin; Miss Thaw will, doubtless, in time become another, and, if what the world hears of her is correct, she will be a charming and brilliant addition to the group of Anglo-American Peeresses.

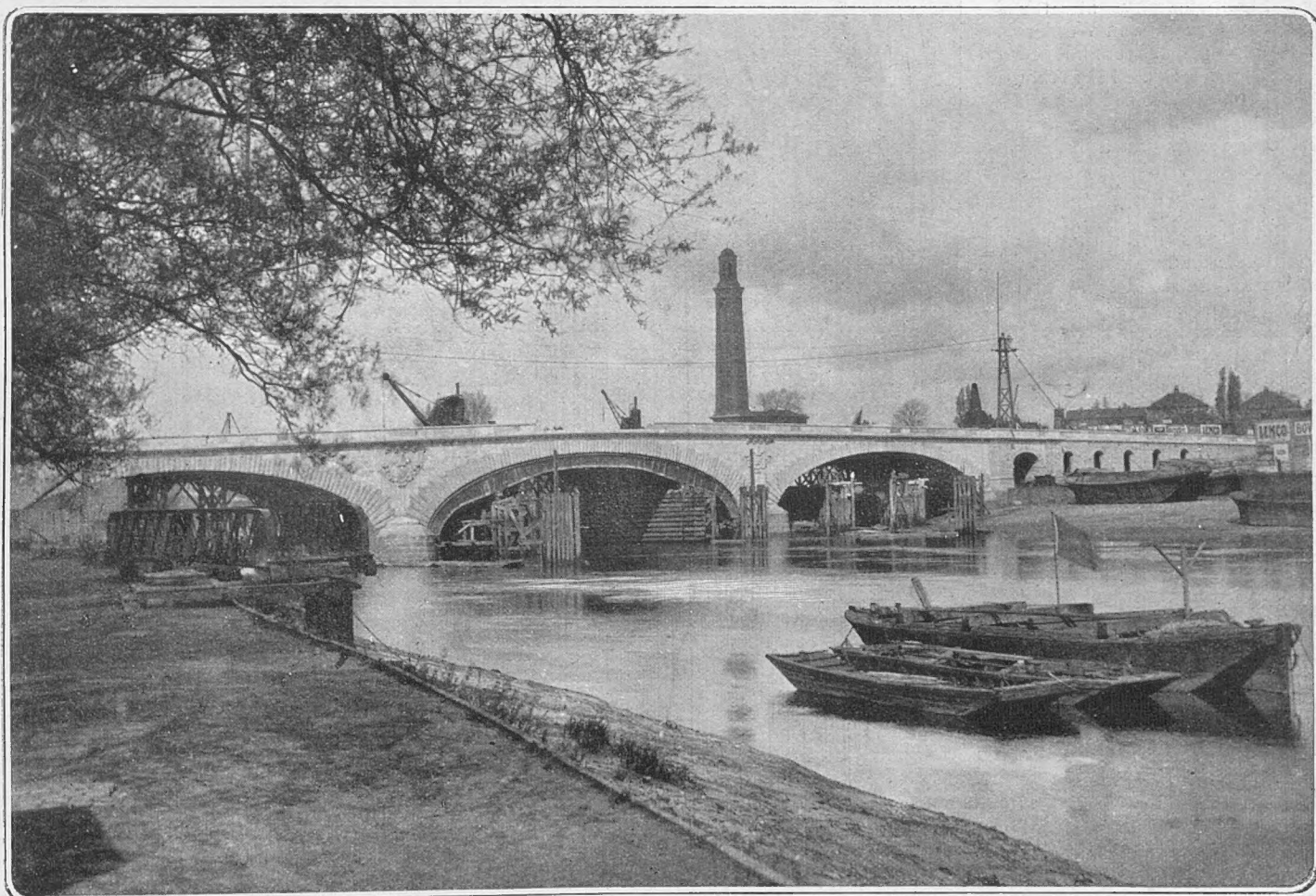
Wheeled Gondola versus Victoria.

The fact that the hansom is at last to have a real rival on the London streets will be happy news to those many people who can only claim to be in an occasional sense "carriage company." Surely it is time that the prehistoric "growler" made way for something of a more cheerful and, in every sense, lighter nature. One of the great charms of a summer visit to Paris has hitherto been the fact that there the word "cab" spells "victoria." All congratulations, therefore, to the courageous group of capitalists who intend to introduce some such vehicle during the coming London Season; but when one thinks of the sad failure which attended the determined effort to flood the Paris streets with hansom-cabs, one cannot help feeling a melancholy doubt as to whether the conservative Londoner will not, after all, prefer to remain faithful to his "growler," of which he can at least say, "A poor thing, but mine own," for no other Capital of Europe would have put up with such a mode of conveyance for so long.



SIGNOR TAMAGNO, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN TENOR.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.



THE NEW KING EDWARD VII. BRIDGE AT KEW, TO BE OPENED BY HIS MAJESTY ON MAY 20.

Photograph by J. Clark, Richmond.

*"Julius Cæsar" as
a Comic Opera.*

The boys of the Brighton Grammar School gave a very clever performance at the Dome, on the 15th, of a pseudo-historical comic opera entitled "Julius Cæsar in Britain; or, B.C. 54." The book was written by Mr. Fred Edmonds, the music by Mr. C. T. West, and the opera was staged and rehearsed by Mr. Frank A. Hedgcock. Mr. Edmonds and Mr. Hedgcock are masters at the school, as was also Mr. West, who, unfortunately, did not live to see the piece produced in its present form. Some hundred and fifty of the boys took part in the performance, the acting of the principals and the singing of the chorus being of a high degree of excellence. The performance commenced with a prologue, written by Mr. Edmonds, in which a meeting of the Brighton Town Council was amusingly burlesqued, to the delight of the large audience. Then followed the opera itself, in which Julius Cæsar (R. P. Chadwick) and Balbus (E. R. Neve) especially distinguished themselves. Owing to the frequent encores, the performance lasted more than three hours. The book is well written, in one or two instances being reminiscent of the Savoy, and the dances had been capitally taught by Miss Jessie Hogarth, the music for that in Act 2 having been specially written by Mr. E. A. Hedgcock. The scenery was painted by an "Old Boy," Mr. C. H. Leigh, who was also responsible for the clever drawings illustrating the "Programme and Book of Words." Though technically an "Old Boy," Mr. Leigh is only just eighteen.

*Emperor at the
Embassy.*

The dinner given to the Emperor by Sir Frank Lascelles last week was a very brilliant affair, and that it was thoroughly enjoyed by His Majesty may be presumed from the fact that, though he had ordered his carriage for half-past ten, it was nearly midnight before he departed from the Embassy (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Thirty-eight guests had the honour of meeting the Emperor. One of them, Lady Windsor, had journeyed from England specially for the occasion. Lady Windsor's neighbour at table, by the way, was the aged General von Werder, celebrated as the negotiator of important Diplomatic missions at St. Petersburg. When Military Plenipotentiary at the Russian Court, General von Werder, who enjoyed the absolute confidence of the Czar, was selected by that potentate to obtain from Bismarck a definite declaration as to the attitude of Germany towards a Russo-Austrian War. Bismarck was beside himself at this "abuse" of the functions of a Military Plenipotentiary. But he was none the less compelled to return a definite answer to the question, the result being that Russia made war on Turkey instead of on Austria-Hungary. Among the other English guests present, in addition to the members of the Embassy, were the Earl of Kintore (an old friend of the Emperor), his two daughters, Lady Ethel and Lady Hilda Keith-Falconer, and Lady Paget, the widow of the former Ambassador in Vienna, under whom Sir Frank Lascelles served on more than one mission. The Emperor before leaving the Embassy invited the English guests of the Ambassador to dine with him and the Empress on the following day. Lady Paget may be described as the earliest English acquaintance of the Emperor. She was Maid-of-Honour to the late Empress Frederick at the time of His Majesty's birth, and was "presented" to him when he was but a few hours old. The Emperor's partner at dinner was the Ambassador's sister, Lady Edward Cavendish, and opposite sat Lady Georgina Buchanan, who is now happily recovered from the dangerous operation she underwent before Christmas.

Capricious Weather.

The weather is now an absorbing topic of conversation in Germany. In March an almost tropical heat prevailed; the thermometer attained unto heights unrecorded at the time of the year during a period of more than half a century. All Berlin turned out in flannels, and for some days the numberless tennis-courts surrounding the Capital were crowded with eager and happy players. Suddenly the mercury subsided. Hail and

sleet began to fall, and were followed during four days of last week by heavy snow-storms. Several big towns in Silesia and also in the south-west of the Empire were reported "snowed-up," and the train service was impeded for two days. I was a personal witness of the violence of the storm on Sunday. In the very centre of Berlin, the huge windows of a corner-shop occupied by a restaurant-keeper, unable to sustain the force of a squall that burst open the door, fell with a deafening crash on to the pavement, carrying with them innumerable bottles of spirits and liqueurs. Afterwards, I walked through the Thiergarten, and found it a picture of desolation and fallen trees. Some twenty miles outside of Berlin the young Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg nearly lost his life from a tree which was blown right across the track of his automobile.

A Berlin "Korso."

The "Korso" is now definitely established in Berlin. It owes its origin to the German Automobile Association, which, with the enthusiastic assent of the Kaiser, selected the Avenue of Victory as the scene of the daily parade. There, between the serried groups of marble statues representing the history of Hohenzollern rule, fashionable Berlin now daily promenades in coaches-and-four, tandems, autos, and on horseback. The Avenue is not so well suited for the purpose as Rotten Row, but its employment undoubtedly adds a certain element of picturesqueness to the otherwise monotonous street-life of Berlin. During the first few days of the "Korso" considerable disorder prevailed, and well-dressed crowds could be seen following with indecent persistence the carriage of the Empress, and the Emperor, who appeared on horseback. This evil has now been remedied and the police have relegated the pedestrians to the foot-ways. An amusing incident enlivened this process of establishing order. Not far from the Avenue of Victory stood a gentleman who resolutely ignored the exhortations of the policeman to remove his person from the central way. The servant of the law at last became peremptory, whereupon the gentleman turned, and, regarding him fixedly, quietly said, "Leave me alone. I am from the Headquarters of the Police." Mystified and somewhat cowed, the policeman slowly retired, keeping the stranger, however, within range of his gaze. A bystander then approached the officer and inquired, "Do you know who that is?" "No," answered the policeman. "Well, I will tell you. It is the new President of the Berlin Police!"

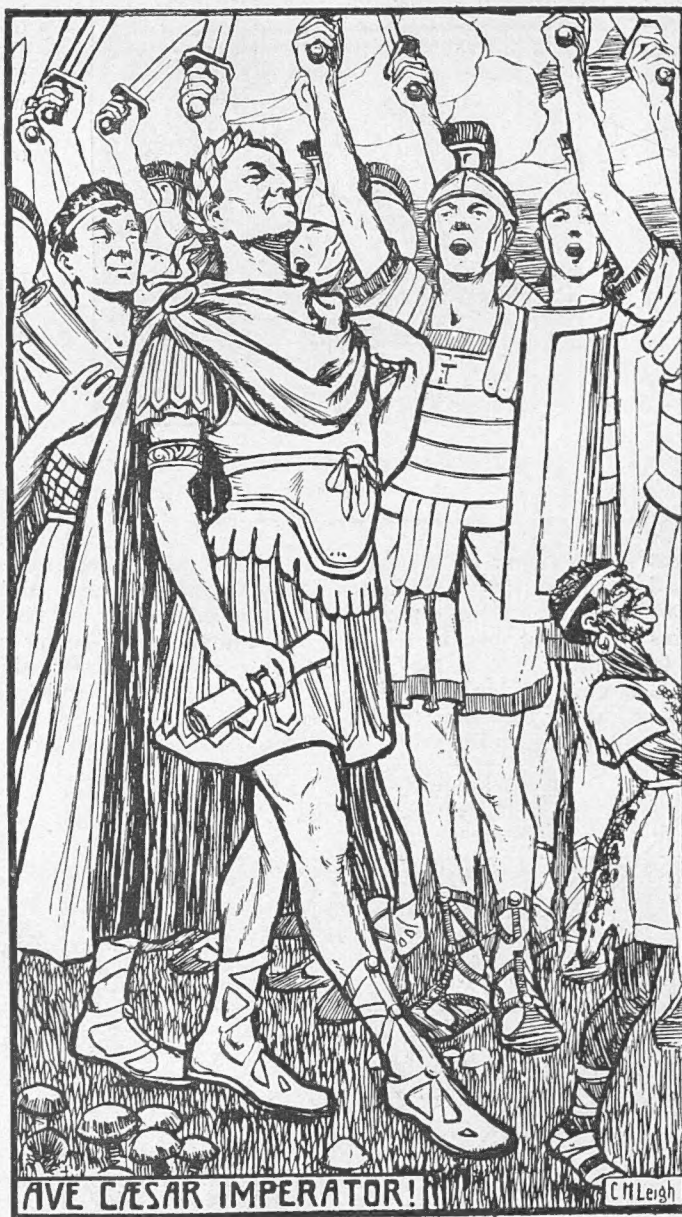
*An Appropriate
Name.*

In Paris, on the Boulevard St. Denis, there is a café known as the "Café Louis XIV.," which is named after the Grand Monarque, in spite of the fact that France has been a Republic for over thirty years and has not had a King since

1848. But the most curious thing about the café is the name of its proprietor, for over the shop-front is written "F. Bourbon." It is a curious coincidence, but whether the café was called "Café Louis XIV." because of its proprietor's name or whether M. Bourbon took the café because it was so called is not known. Anyhow, the collocation is remarkably apt.

*Prince Henri's
Statue.*

The Duke and Duchess of Chartres have paid a visit to the studio of M. Antonin Mercié, to inspect the model for the tomb of Prince Henri of Orleans before it is removed to be exhibited in the Salon of the Champs-Élysées. The Prince is represented lying on the bed on which he died, and raising himself with a last effort to look at the map of the continent whose mysteries he wished to unveil. His right hand is clutching at the map, and his left hand, upon which he is leaning, is bending under him, while his head is falling back in death. The monument is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be a very fine piece of work, and the Duke and Duchess were much affected by the likeness. No higher compliment could have been paid to the skill of the artist.



"JULIUS CÆSAR" AT BRIGHTON:
A SCENE FROM A BURLESQUE PERFORMED BY THE BOYS OF THE BRIGHTON
GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A Vote-passing House.

The good conduct of the House of Commons continues. It has proved itself a model assembly this Session. Last week the House reassembled after the Easter recess, and it proceeded to pass the Estimates without the slightest waste of time. There was not a hint of obstruction. Mr. Labouchere has withdrawn from the rôle of persistent critic, and has found no successor. Meantime, the Irish Nationalists remain on their good Parliamentary behaviour, so that the Ministers have an easy, enviable time.

The Sensitive Scotch.

Scottish members, inspired by a published letter from Lady Frances Balfour, made a protest in the House of Commons last week against the decision of the Lord High Commissioner to "put up," during the General Assembly, in an Edinburgh hotel instead of in Holyrood Palace. This was represented as a slight upon the Church of Scotland and upon the Scottish nation itself. The Government explained that Lord Leven, the High Commissioner, had acted upon his own authority, and was avoiding Holyrood because the drainage was not perfect. Sensitive Scotch members, however, refused to be appeased. They could not tolerate the idea of the King's Commissioner driving to the General Assembly from a hotel. One of them described it as "a public-house." "A railway tavern" was the description given by the Prime Minister's sister-in-law. It is really a splendid new hotel.

Of Interest to Amateur Players.

The engagement of Lady Bertha Wilbraham to Major Dawkins is of interest to a very large section of smart Society. I refer, of course, to that section which consists of amateur actors and actresses, among whom Lady Bertha has long taken a leading place. She is equally

clever in tragedy and comedy, and has taken part in many noted performances. The late Lord Lathom was not only the most admirable of Victorian Lord Chamberlains, he was also a man of great mental ability, and his children all seem to have inherited some of his powers, though, as so often happens, their gifts are very varied. Major Dawkins is a brilliant soldier, a favourite in the London world, though in no sense a carpet-knight, and the marriage has aroused great interest among the various members of the Royal Family, who have long known the clever bride.



LADY BERTHA WILBRAHAM,
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL OF LATHOM, WHO IS
SHORTLY TO BE MARRIED.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

published by Messrs. Longman. When the late Mr. S. R. Gardiner died, he had completed three volumes of his great "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate." Of the fourth volume he had written but one chapter. This has been seen through the press and indexed by Mrs. Gardiner. It is issued as a supplement to the library edition.

France and Italy. The present year will be famous in history as that in which all the Sovereigns of Europe went about paying visits. The fashion was certainly set by King Edward, and the King of Italy is going to follow his example. It is decided, though not yet officially announced, that King Victor Emmanuel will pay a visit to President Loubet in July, after he has been to England. He will leave Genoa, escorted by his fleet, in July, to come to England, and on his return home he will land in France and spend a day or two in Paris as the guest of M. Loubet. Hitherto, the only Great Power which has visited Paris officially is Russia, all the other Sovereigns having held aloof from the Republic, except such small Kings as those of Greece, Belgium, and Sweden. But now that King Edward has shown the way, Paris bids fair to be as much visited by reigning Sovereigns as it was under the Empire.

The Oldest Stamp. The oldest stamps in the world are those issued at Hong-Kong, which have never been changed since they were first instituted in 1859. Every other stamp in the world has been changed in the forty-odd years, but the head of Queen Victoria on the Hong-Kong stamp has never been altered. Now, however, it appears that a new set of stamps is about to be issued, with the head of King Edward, and when the change has taken place the oldest stamp will be the Russian, with the double-headed eagle and the shield of St. George, which was first issued in 1864.

Mrs. E. Scot Williams is an American lady well known in London Society. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. Dennison Foulger, of New York.

Messrs. Routledge under the new management are going on vigorously. They are to reprint the novels of James Grant. It is



MRS. E. SCOT WILLIAMS.

Photograph by Numa Blanc fils, Monte Carlo.

said that James Grant's famous book, "The Romance of War," was a special favourite with the late Sir Hector MacDonald.

The Clever Daughter of a Famous Father.

An interesting book might be written on the clever daughters of famous fathers. A conspicuous example is that of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, both of whose daughters are remarkably distinguished, the one as an artist, the other as a writer. Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, who has just brought out a new book of verse, published her first story when still in her teens, and she soon made a considerable reputation as a short-story writer. Her friends declare that she has a very marked dramatic gift, and certain it is that she takes a special interest in what may be called the higher intellectual drama, notably in the work of Maeterlinck. Miss Alma-Tadema has been exceptionally



MISS LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

Photograph by Miss Lena Connell, St. John's Wood.

fortunate in her surroundings: her brilliant father is an artist in every sense of the word, his house and studio are famous for their stately beauty, and, doubtless owing to his foreign birth, he and Lady Alma-Tadema are the centre of a particularly remarkable intellectual and cosmopolitan circle.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Lourdes Threatened. The anti-Catholic legislation of the Combes Ministry will, in all probability, lead to the closing of the two basilics and the world-famous Grotto of Miracles (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It means complete

led to loud outcries from the audience. De Féraudy, as Lechat, scored the greatest triumph in his life. Mdle. Lara was sympathetic, and Madame Pierson excellent.

The King's Visit. From the least-suspected quarter a bolt from the blue was launched, and the King's visit may now be regarded as a success. Paul Déroulède, the exile of St. Sebastien, threw over in a twinkling Lucien Millevoÿe and Massard, of *La Patrie*, for the scandalous programme to be elaborated and carried out during the visit of the King. There was a positive competition in this rag for the purpose of finding some insult more noticeable than another with which to greet His Majesty. Paul Déroulède has given them more than they can carry, and he is applauded by every sound journal. This dangerous conspiracy exposed, the Parisians will have the chance of welcoming the King they know as the First Gentleman in Europe and the First Boulevardier in Paris. The great event will be the special race-meeting at Longchamp offered by the Jockey Club, with all the races named after the King's horses. With fine weather, there will be such a scene in the Valley of Boulogne as has not been dreamed of since the Empire. The most extravagant orders have been given in the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme, and the "pesage" will be a dream of Fairyland.

England Prevails. I believe it is Max O'Rell who waxes merry at the expense of the English husband who demands damages from the co-respondent in a divorce case, as though it was a business transaction. This week, for the first time in the history of French law, a co-respondent was ordered to pay substantial damages.

America Still Triumphs.

Lucien Descaves recently declared that it would simplify matters if France admitted that it was very dead. He instanced the American jockeys that had revolutionised scientific racing; he mentioned the disastrous "cake-walk" dance that upset a peaceful city, the "looping the loop" on a cycle that disturbed their nerves; and now, with the Grand Prix in sight, comes "Sousa and his Band" to the Nouveau. I must say their success has been remarkable.

In re Opéra-bouffe.

Lecocq, asked why he no longer wrote the music for opéra-bouffe, declared that he could find no one to write the libretto. I saw his "Giroflé Girofla," that the Gaîté has renovated with luxury, and I enjoyed myself as though it was a full and complete novelty. On the following night I went to the Variétés for "Le Sire de Vergy," by Caillivet and De Flers, with music by Terrasse. I came to the conclusion that Lecocq was right. The modern librettist is out of tune, and falls back on questionable humour that has no part and parcel with the old school that was a glory. The music was delightful, and it seemed a great pity that it was wasted on so trivial and ultra-frivolous a subject.

Maurice Donnay. The request of the King that Maurice Donnay's "L'Autre Danger" should be played at the Comédie on the occasion of His Majesty's visit is the culminating honour in Donnay's history.



"LES SOUSLOFFS," THE CLEVER CHILD-DANCERS AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

ruin for the whole department, and not simply Lourdes itself. Tourists by the thousand, not connected with the pilgrimages, were constant visitors. Frantic appeals are made to M. Combes, but he is pale and silent as ever. Even Paris is by no means assured as to the possible fate of the great basilic of Sacré Cœur, which dominates all Paris from the Hill of Montmartre. The Government have not decided, but a decision will be taken, and probably a drastic one.

"Business is Business."

Octave Mirbeau has secured a great success at the Comédie-Française with "Les Affaires sont les Affaires." The great influence that Émile Zola had on him is there for life. He is thorough, minute, pitiless—an analytical chemist, in fact. Lechat is a fine specymen of the blackguard millionaire of to-day. He has known what prison means, he has known every ignominy, but he smiles at all this with contempt. Money, however dirtily it may be gotten, wipes all that out, and he gets money by every means up to technical robbery. Then Mirbeau shows the hopelessness of it all. He has bought a vast ancestral domain, but his ignorant old wife only sighs for a villa, his daughter Germaine openly scorns him for the rogue he is. One consolation only remains for him, and that is his son Xavier—a spendthrift and an inveterate *débauché*. Even the son is killed in an automobile accident, and it is at the moment when the father is on the point of entering the death-chamber that he is confronted by two of his associates, who bring papers for him to sign. In an instant, "Business is business" rings in his ears, and the terrible picture of him wrangling in the practical presence of the dead



A SCENE FROM "OLD HEIDELBERG" AT THE ST. JAMES'S: THE STUDENTS' SINGING "IN HEIDELBERG'S FAIR CASTLE."

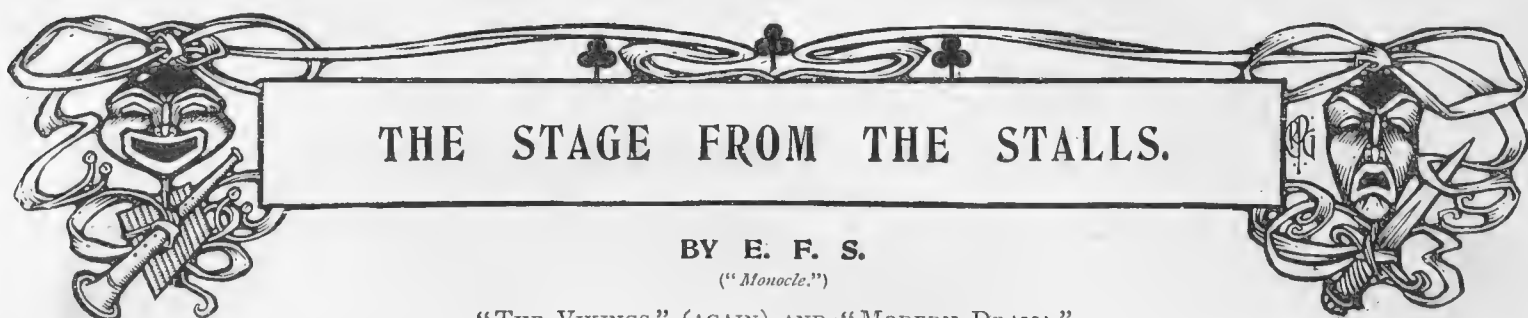
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



XI.—THE OLD FIRM: ESTABLISHED 1840.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE VIKINGS" (AGAIN). AND "MODERN DRAMA."

THE *première* of "The Vikings" was so unfortunate that it seemed expedient to anticipate the fiftieth-night visit by going to see the work after a week's labour had got it into shape, and judge whether the first-night notice ought to be modified. The result is not quite so favourable as could be wished. Certainly it is very interesting throughout, and the second Act is superb; but neither the play nor the production can be regarded as altogether satisfactory. Although further acquaintance makes the motives of the characters clearer, the drama suffers from obscurity as to motive, and this seems rather intensified than diminished by the peculiarity of the mounting. Applying the ordinary ideas of criticism, one sees that it was of vital importance that, from the first, we should know of the mutual love of Hiördis and Sigurd, which is only disclosed towards the end of the third Act. This love is the key to much that without it is puzzling. In justice to Ibsen, one should add that two lines in the dialogue at the end of the first Act between Dagny and Sigurd have been most injudiciously cut, wherefore the scene between Dagny and Hiördis at the beginning of the second Act loses half its force. There can hardly be a dispute as to the impropriety of cutting short the play, instead of ending it, according to the intention of the author, with the scene that gives a kind of a peaceful, hopeful note. Of course, Miss Terry's performance as Hiördis has much improved, but one cannot keep back the thought that the part is not really in her line. The qualities by which she has gained her unique position do not really come to her aid in representing a character even more truculent and formidable than Lady Macbeth.

Consideration of the scenic effects makes one doubt whether Mr. Gordon Craig has quite proved his case. Certainly the banquet scene gives some magnificent pictorial effects, some, indeed, unparalleled, so far as I know, for grandeur, though the patchwork-quilt cloaks seem rather fantastic. On the other hand, if the play is somewhat obscure, it is in no wise mystic or mysterious, and the settings of the first and fourth Acts, although at times giving very great pleasure to the eye, are of doubtful value to a drama of action and involve a great disadvantage to the actors. Whilst, I hope, really sympathetic with any effort to give life to new ideas, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Craig is in danger of falling into the error of those who refuse to believe that dramas can stand by themselves, for plays are of little value unless strong enough to hold an audience without great luxury of *mise-en-scène*. Indeed, a piece not good enough to stand alone is not good enough to deserve the extravagance of modern mounting, and in all this striving for great spectacular effect one sees a peril to drama itself. Better a good dinner on a homely table than cold chops on gold plate, better a fine picture in a deal-frame than a mediocre work surrounded by gilding and gems. No doubt, there are plays, such as "Pelléas and Mélisande" or "La Princesse Maleine," or, indeed, any of the early Maeterlincks, or the "Faust" of Wills (if worthy of reproduction at all), in which the Craig ideas would be of great service, subject to certain limitations. For, indeed, the lighting question is far from solved. Even if it be admitted that the ordinary system is not unobjectionable, one cannot promptly accept a method that destroys the play of feature and casts black shadows on the faces. In fact, Mr. Craig goes from a convention which has become almost natural to a new convention which at present appears strikingly unnatural. We do not want stage-pictures that are a kind of chiaroscuro study, like the charming works of Joseph Wright of Derby. The Greek actors may have worn masks, but our dramas are written for players whose countenances can be seen distinctly, and much of the dramatic effect must often depend on the expression of emotion as shown by movements of the features. To some extent, the arrangement of the third Act seems to deal with the question. It would be useful if Mr. Craig were to express formally the theories on which he works, the errors he seeks to correct, and the exact ideas involved in his methods of correction. In the meantime, it is only fair to say that it is worth the while of all classes of playgoers to visit "The Vikings."

Mr. Pinero's lecture on R. L. Stevenson as a dramatist, taken with Mr. Archer's views concerning it, will surprise many people. For few suppose that during the last forty years or so there has been a radical change in play-writing—a change from the "rhetorical" to the "realistic." Perhaps the word "realistic" is misleading, since it is not intended by Mr. Archer to suggest the realism of the real pump, real hansom-cab, &c., nor "realism" as involving the treatment of ugly subjects. In fact, Mr. Archer uses the terms as contrasting the plays in which a story is told "by making people say the things they probably *would* say" with those in which it is told "by making them say the things they would *not*," the latter being the alleged "rhetorical" and the former the so-called "realistic." According to the dramatist

and critic, this change has increased the difficulties of play-writing immensely, with the consequence that, whilst Lope de Vega wrote twenty-five plays or more per annum, Mr. Pinero has of late years taken eighteen months and Ibsen two years for each work. Seeing, however, that Alexandre Dumas *fits* is included as one of the modern workers, and his output of seventeen works, including one-Act plays, in forty years is referred to, a doubt arises whether there is not some fallacy lurking in the views of "W. A." For the author of "La Dame aux Camélias," "Denise," "Francillon," "Le Demi-Monde," &c., whilst endeavouring to be a moralist and aiming at a high standard of truth according to his views; certainly was by no means a modern in the sense in which Ibsen and Mr. Pinero are moderns, and his slowness was not due to the cause assigned for theirs.

No doubt, there has been an advance towards greater truth, or, at least, greater verisimilitude—not necessarily the same thing. In certain kinds of drama, the "aside" is no longer employed, the soliloquy is abolished, and even the explanatory dialogue with the modern equivalent to "Charles his friend" has to be disguised till it becomes almost unrecognisable. So far we have moved towards appearance of truth; yet it may be argued with a show of justice that in this instance truth, like the horizon, recedes as we advance. Certainly one must note that in attempting "to achieve, *without* falsification, that compression of life which the stage undoubtedly demands"—Mr. Pinero's ideal—we only approach without reaching, and, as a somewhat paradoxical result, find that, in the most strictly constructed modern play, things essentially improbable appear improbable which in the "rhetorical" piece would have passed without seeming improbable. For, as the dramatist shifts his standard, so we shift ours. There must always be a great deal of "make-belief" on the part of the audience, and the less of "make-belief" demanded of it, the keener its demand for the unattainable absolute truth. The stage dinner that only lasts ten minutes on the stage is accepted by us as lasting its due length of time, and when the ten minutes is dragged out to twenty, or even half an-hour, though we are really nearer to the actual time, we are still fully conscious and unconscious that it could not be eaten in the time. Even the "rhetoricals," of course, accept the necessity for compression. One author that I know, who certainly does not belong to the "realists," works in a method similar to that attributed, wrongly, I believe, to Mr. Phil May. He writes out his dialogue as fully as if he were giving a shorthand note of it, and then sets to work to cut out all that does not seem essential, and so arrives at his "compression": when he has come down to the essential, he embellishes it, or, at least, thinks that he does. He, like the "realist," aims at truth, and would indignantly repudiate a suggestion of "falsification"; but his standard of relative truth, of course, differs from that of Mr. Pinero. I think it may be taken that the average playgoer is as much convinced by a good "rhetorical" play as by a good "realistic" piece.

This is not intended as a plea for "falsification" or for the "rhetorical," or a defence of needless conventions or superfluous artificialities; but it is well to seek the truth of the whole matter. Of course, one of the great difficulties lies in the fact that the dramatist must tell us a number of facts that are deemed to have happened ere the play begins. Mr. Oswald Crawford had a daring suggestion for dealing with this, but it is not likely to be accepted. Sometimes the rather unsatisfactory device of a prologue is used, yet, in most instances, even the "realist" is forced to find some contrivance for telling us the past history, and it must generally happen that this contrivance, however subtle, involves some falsification. Some plays do exist that demand no knowledge of anything that has happened before, but in this respect the question is one of choice of subject and not mode of treatment. There is no need for the dramatist to restrict himself to such subjects. The pace of play-writing, I believe, is not very greatly affected by the severer technical demands of the modern stage, but is largely a question of temperament. Putting aside the question of Pre-Raphaelite devotion to detail or Impressionist abhorrence of detail, the art of painting shows no analogous change to the one suggested in drama; still, one can find amongst painters amazing differences of pace, and it would be idle to pretend that the best work is that of the slowest workers. It is obvious, too, that the whole matter involves but one class of drama, and that, alas, an unpopular class. It may be observed, also, that the English "realists" of this school, unless the mere test of pace be applied, are lamentably rare. We could hardly hope to be so fortunate as to have many Pineros; nevertheless, it would be a grand thing if he had more disciples, and also a public to appreciate the work of these strivers after truth.



"THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER."

From a Photographic Study by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

VISIT OF THE KING TO PARIS.

THE beautiful old house where King Edward will stay for the first time, as guest of his own Ambassador, may well claim to be one of the most exquisite of the many beautiful minor palaces which embellish and adorn the Gay City. Few of the historic mansions of Paris have had a more interesting and romantic history. During the First Empire, the splendid rooms, which rival in size and splendour those of the Élysée itself, were constantly thronged with a brilliant throng of brave men and fair women worshipping at the shrine of the great Napoleon's lovely sister, the Princess Pauline Borghese.

When the Allies were in Paris, the Duke of Wellington, who was a shrewd man of business as well as a great Commander, heard that the Borghese Palace, as it was then called, was for sale, and that it could probably be secured, together with the fine garden, for the very modest sum of twenty-four thousand pounds. Accordingly, he strongly advised the British Government of that day to make the purchase, and never was better bargain made; indeed, it is said that at any time the Embassy could now command at least ten times the price which was then paid for it.

birthday, His Majesty's representative entertains those members of the British Embassy who may rightly claim to receive such an honour.

Each of the State Rooms, with the exception of those known as the Queen's Room and the Prince of Wales's Room—so named because some of the decorations embody the Prince of Wales's Feathers—is known by the colour which predominates in its decorations. Thus, there is the Yellow Saloon, and the Blue Saloon used by Lady Monson as a boudoir, while in the Red Saloon the Ambassador often receives specially privileged visitors. In addition to the suite of State Rooms, the Embassy has numberless smaller and more cosy suites of private apartments. Very splendid, and practically untouched for close on a hundred years, is the State Bed-chamber, of which the beautiful Empire furniture was chosen by the Princess Borghese.

Sir Edmund Monson spent a portion of his youth in Paris as one of Lord Lyons' Attachés, and the Ambassador is fond of recalling many picturesque incidents which then took place, for the Paris of the Third Empire differed very notably from that of the Third Republic, and on more than one occasion Lord Lyons and his



SIR EDMUND MONSON (BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS) AND LADY MONSON, WITH WHOM THE KING WILL STAY.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Quite as valuable as the actual building were the contents of the palace. The Princess Pauline had exquisite taste, and during the last ninety years our French Ambassador has been truly magnificently housed, the furniture, the tapestries, the clocks, the chandeliers, and the candelabra being certainly finer than those to be found in any British palace, while special interest attaches to the fact that they are all naturally of the First Empire or Directoire period.

The Embassy is situated in the same thoroughfare as the Élysée; that is, in the old Faubourg St. Honoré. Like the President's official residence, the house is built round a spacious courtyard, and consists of a front and two side wings. The fine State Apartments look out on the beautiful garden where Sir Edmund and Lady Monson, during the spring months, often entertain their friends and the British Colony at those informal gatherings which are peculiarly English in their social character. At the present moment, particular interest attaches to the apartment known as the Queen's Room, which was entirely re-furnished for Queen Victoria when she last stayed at the Embassy. A charming feature of this room is a full-length portrait of our late Sovereign by Winterhalter. The Throne Room, as its name indicates, is the most important of the State Apartments, and the most prominent object in it is the Throne on a raised platform. This fine room is always used when the Ambassador is giving a great reception; it corresponds to the Banqueting Hall, where, on such occasions as the Sovereign's

able Staff went through what may be called in popular parlance "a bad quarter-of-an-hour."

One such occasion Sir Edmund is not likely to forget. It was shortly after the attack on Napoleon III. made by the Italian Anarchist, Orsini, and it became known to Lord Lyons that the Secret Society which had vowed to exterminate the Bonapartist race intended to make an attack on the Emperor on the occasion of his attending a great ball which the Ambassador, though a bachelor, was about to give in his honour and in that of his beautiful Empress. The Ambassador was naturally determined that nothing of the kind should take place in connection with his entertainment. He sent an urgent request that the Imperial couple, instead of arriving by the narrow thoroughfare in which is situated the State-entrance and Great Courtyard of the British Embassy, should honour him by using the quiet Garden-entrance. It was in the depth of winter; snow lay on the ground. Lord Lyons filled the spacious garden with his servants and with soldiers, all, however, concealed among the evergreens, and there, in the cold, clear night, the Ambassador, surrounded by his Staff, stood on the broad terrace overlooking the garden, waiting for his guests. At last the Imperial carriage appeared, and, there being no carriage-drive, it drove over the lawns deep in snow. Meanwhile, the conspirators waited round the Embassy gates, and finally dispersed, persuaded that their victim had given up the intention of attending the ball.

VISIT OF THE KING TO PARIS:

IN AND ABOUT THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN RUE ST. HONORÉ.



HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BREAKFAST-ROOM.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN, SHOWING ON FIRST-FLOOR HIS MAJESTY'S APARTMENTS.



THE STATE-COACH TO BE USED DURING HIS MAJESTY'S STAY
IN PARIS.



LIVERIED SERVANTS OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY,

AUTHOR OF "JEDBURY JUNIOR" AND "MICE AND MEN."

IT is always being contended that, in Art work, sex should receive no consideration. However admirable this may be in theory, it has to break down in practice, for the worker must of necessity be either a woman or a man, and must take to her or his work a part of her or his self. Considerations of sex apart, it is by no means improbable that, among the writers for the stage, Mrs. Ryley would have a high place among the producers, if, indeed, like Abou Ben Adam, her name did not "lead all the rest," for in the eleven years she has lived as a dramatist she has written no fewer than thirty-three plays, and eleven of them have been produced, most of them on both sides of the Atlantic.

The conditions which determine the peculiar nature of a worker's work can never fail to be interesting. In Mrs. Ryley's case, her evolution into a dramatist has in it something out of the ordinary, and it therefore acquires an additional element of interest. Gifted with a beautiful soprano voice, she went on the comic-opera stage in America, and was the prima donna of the McCaul Opera Company, and subsequently of the Casino Theatre in New York, two of the then chief operatic organisations in the United States, the third being the Duff Opera Company, in which, by the way, one of the leading members was Mr. Ryley.

In time, the success won by Miss Madeleine Lucette, as she was known on the stage, induced an enterprising Manager to offer her an engagement to "star" in a musical farce. It was an adaptation from a French original, and was not received by the public with that favour which was hoped for it. In every theatre, however, in which it was played during its short life, the Manager would invariably go to the "star" and say, "Miss Lucette, I wish you had a better play, for the sake of business. When you have something else, however, I shall always be very pleased to give you a date, so that you may play here again."

How to get that other play to serve as a vehicle for the display of her talent was a difficulty, for plays cost money. Still, the offers were too good to be ignored, and, at last, Mrs. Ryley said to her husband, for they were married by that time, "As I cannot get anybody to write a play for me, why shouldn't I write one for myself?" She accordingly set to work and wrote a comedy called "Lady Jemima." When it was finished, the inevitable difficulties of producing a play by an unknown author were insurmountable, so it was sold to Miss Minnie Maddern, who, as Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske, has since developed into one of the most brilliant actresses on the American stage, and at that time she was a "star" of no inconsiderable importance. Miss Maddern, shortly after, married and retired from the stage for a time, and Mrs. Ryley determined to devote herself to writing plays rather than acting them. Her next play was "Christopher Junior," with Mr. John Drew and Miss Maude Adams in the leading parts, and acted at the Empire Theatre, New York, in 1895. In the following year, as "Jedbury Junior," it was done at Terry's Theatre, with Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Maude Millett in the chief characters, and served to introduce Mrs. Ryley's name to the English playgoer, for after its run in London it had a considerable vogue in the provinces. The reason for the change of title under which the play was produced in the two countries was that, at the time, there was something of an epidemic of musical pieces in which the name of Christopher figured, and it was thought desirable to prevent the comedy being mistaken for one of that lot.

There was something in the nature of a little tragedy in connection with the play when it was to be produced in America. When the rehearsals began, it was found that the type-writer, in getting out the parts, had made some mistakes in the text, and the dialogue did not dovetail. The stage-manager was naturally disturbed, so he sent a telegram to Mr. Charles Frohman's offices announcing the fact in the following terms: "Cannot produce play as advertised; the parts are at variance."

The official who opened the telegram had travelled a great deal in

America, and knew that in Southern California there was a town named Variance. He at once jumped at conclusions. "How on earth did those parts ever get to Variance, California?" he exclaimed. "There is a Variance, New Jersey," said another official, who also knew his geography; "perhaps they are there." "Well," said the former, "we will send there and see." He called a clerk and gave him instructions to start at once. "But you cannot get to Variance by train," the clerk said. "Then you must take your bike and ride there," his superior replied, with supreme composure. To Variance that unfortunate clerk went, but naturally the parts could not be found. Meantime, Mrs. Ryley was notified of the fact, and was actually asked to re-write the play, so as to expedite matters, for only one copy of the piece had been made and no one knew where the original manuscript was to be found. Eventually, however, the real explanation was forthcoming, and the type-writer's errors were corrected without much difficulty.

It has often been said that Ibsen's plays make the reputation of actors. Mrs. Ryley, if she chose, might justly claim that her plays make the reputation of actresses. It was "Jedbury Junior" which led to Miss Maude Adams becoming a "star," as it was "The Mysterious Mr. Bule," played some three years ago at the Strand, which, on its previous production in America, gave a similar opportunity to Miss Annie Russell; while "An American Citizen," which was played at the Duke of York's by Mr. Nat Goodwin, enabled the talent of Miss Gertrude Elliott to appear in so conspicuous a light that when the Company returned to America she remained behind to play at the Court, and, making her home in London, won an abiding place for herself in the heart of the English theatre-goer.

In addition to the plays already mentioned, there have been produced "The Voyagers," "A Coat of Many Colours," "Richard Savage," "Realism," "My Lady Dainty," "The Altar of Friendship," and "An American Invasion."

Mrs. Ryley always makes a point of rehearsing her own plays, and last autumn she returned to New York to direct the production of "Mice and Men" for Miss Annie Russell, "The Altar of Friendship" for Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott, and "An American Invasion" for Mr. J. E. Dodson. The first two have been among the most conspicuous successes of the season in America, and "Mice and Men" is now in its fourth

month at the Garrick Theatre, New York, an unusual record, for comparatively few serious plays see a hundred nights in the Empire City of the New World.

Although an actress by profession, Mrs. Ryley has played in only two of her own pieces. One of these was "Realism," a one-Act play which Mr. Bouchier did at the Garrick. When he read it, he made an offer for it, with a condition which was in itself a graceful compliment to the authoress. "I will produce it," he wrote to Mr. Ryley, "if Mrs. Ryley will come herself and play the leading part." The other play in which she acted was "My Lady Dainty," at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. For this, Sir Charles Wyndham offered to make a place at his own theatre during the summer recess, but as, however successful it might be, it could not have a longer run than six weeks, the offer was not accepted.

People who wonder at Mrs. Ryley's record will probably understand how it is she manages to produce so much when it is stated that she works five days in the week from half-past eleven or twelve until five o'clock in the afternoon. When she goes into her study, she shuts the door, and, until she opens it herself, no one ever dreams of disturbing her. Her method is characteristic if laborious, for she writes out the whole of her story in narrative form, and it is only when that is complete that she cuts it up into Acts and scenes and develops her ideas in dialogue. Her work done, she spends happy hours in all the domestic duties of the most domesticated woman, and she delights in riding her bicycle, in driving, in playing the piano, and in the ordinary pleasures of everyday life.



MRS. RYLEY IN HER "DEN."

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

“THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLI.—MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY.



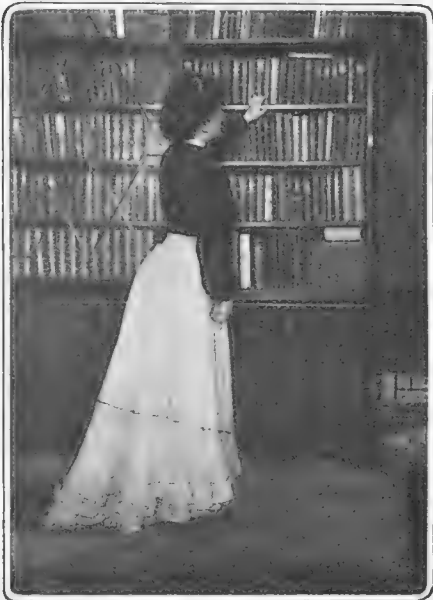
“I HAVE JUST BEEN LOOKING UP ‘THE SKETCH’ NOTICE OF ‘THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP.’”



“PERHAPS I HAD BETTER SOOTHE MYSELF WITH A LITTLE MUSIC BEFORE WE BEGIN.”



“THERE! NOW I AM ONCE AGAIN MY PLACID SELF.”



“YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT I AM FOND OF BOOKS——”



“——AND DOGS.”



“WITH REGARD TO THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE, HOWEVER, I AM A LITTLE DOUBTFUL.”



“OF COURSE, IF YOU REALLY THINK THEY WOULD LIKE TO SEE ME RAKING THE GARDEN——”



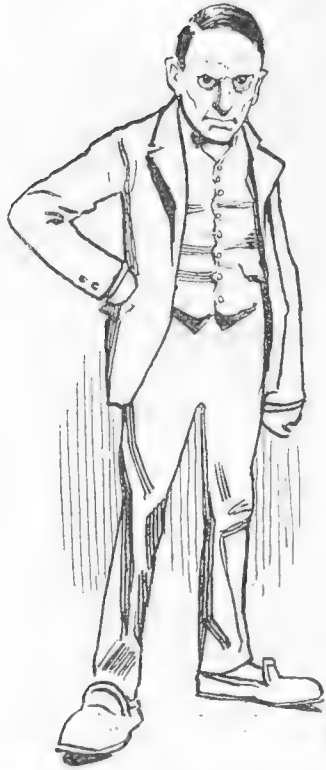
“THIS IS A BICYCLE.”



“AND HERE I AM RIDING IT. GOOD-MORNING!”

THE LOW COMEDIAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



I BEAR THE SOUL OF THE TRAGEDIAN.

From birth I've worn the sober air
That only soaring spirits wear;
I have the form and face, I bear
The soul of the tragedian;
But Fate, whose purpose few descry,
Has twisted all my hopes awry,
And therefore, though I've risen high,
I am a low comedian!

*It's Q to be the knave who whines
Or thunders long poetic lines;
The handsome hero, clear of sin,
Who wooes and wins the heroine!
It's O to prove my Thespian arts
In powerful and pathetic parts,
And show I'm something higher than
A tip-top low comedian!*

I meant to run a proud career
As Macbeth, Hamlet, Iago, Lear;
From that ambition old and dear
My steadfast heart unswerving is;
And while I laugh for all to see,
I'm sorry they must laugh at me,
And envy Robertson and Tree,
Or sigh to be as Irving is.

The "heavy lead" may prose and pose
And wring the house with anguished throes,
But I may merely paint my nose
And strive with clownish raillery
To make increasing laughter flit
O'er stately Box and Stall, and split
The sides of the plebeian Pit,
And quite convulse the Gallery.

Thus out of humour, I would fain
Be happy in the tragic vein;
I'm sad with mirth, and can't explain
The wherefore and the why of it.
I feel, however deep my woe,
That I must laugh to live, although
To live by laughter, sighing so,
Is harder than to die of it!

*It's O to be the knave who whines
Or thunders long poetic lines;
The handsome hero, clear of sin,
Who wooes and wins the heroine!
It's O to prove my Thespian arts
In powerful and pathetic parts,
And show I'm something higher than
A tip-top low comedian!*

Illustrated by John Hassall.



ENVY ROBERTSON AND TREE.



QUITE CONVULSE THE GALLERY.



I WOULD FAIN BE HAPPY IN THE TRAGIC VEIN.

FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

II.—COFFEE AND CIGARETTES.

"MY house and all that is in it is yours," said Hadj Mohammed. I followed him into the guests' room, with its low cushions in place of chair and sofa, clean, bare walls, and clocks innumerable—some ticking, some silent, all at variance.

"Will you take the tea of Europe from China or the coffee?" asked the Hadj; and, the choice being made, he clapped his hands and gave an order to one Fatima, who, veiled up to the eyes, had been an interested spectator of the Infidel's arrival.

Coffee was brought on a splendid tray; we filled our cups with sugar, and sat in Moorish fashion, a fashion more pleasing to the Hadj than his visitor.

"You have a charming house," I said. "Does the Basha leave you in peace?"

The Hadj caressed his beard.

"I have others, too," he said; "three houses, and the Ingliz live in them and pay me good rent. All this and much besides is known to the Basha, but I am protected. If I were still a Moorish subject he would send soldiers to put me in the Kasbah. They would say I had spoken ill of the Sultan, or the Grand Vizier, or Sidi Mohammed Torres, or that I had cursed the Faith. Once in the Kasbah, the Basha would ask for all he wanted. But I am protected, thanks be to Allah: I walk in peace, and the Basha is as a jackal who sees a camp with food and knows there is a zariba all round it."

"What of the Sultan, Hadj?" I said. "Is it well with him?"

The Hadj held up his hands.

"They say in the Soko to-day that he has become a Christian, and that your Bashador has advised him to go to your country. Yesterday they said that Bu Hamara was upon the throne and Mulai Abd el Aziz in prison. To-morrow they will have another story. Allah knows the truth and will work His Will. From Him we come, to Him we go. But the Frances are clever people."

This sudden descent from religion to practical politics held my coffee-cup midway between the brass tray and my lips. The Hadj lowered his voice.

"The French Bashador from here go to Algier," he said, "and his thaleb go with him. Then Bu Hamara come, from the same part. The Frances move, the Ingliz go to sleep. I like the Ingliz, and I show you my house."

So saying, he clapped his hands and gave further instructions to the veiled watcher beyond the curtain that took the place of a door. A minute later, I heard the patter of small feet along the tiled hall, and several little children came in, to kiss the hand of their father and

his guest, stare for a moment in great astonishment, and disappear as quickly as they came. They were "the house," or part of it; their mothers could not be presented to an Infidel without gross breach of Moorish decorum.

"It is very kind of you, Hadj," I said. "You must have been a great traveller to be so broad-minded."

"Yes," the Hadj admitted, cheerfully, "I have been in many countries. I have even been in the devil-ships of the Nazarenes, and in their trains that run through the land, drawn by other devils. I have gone with the Carpet to Mecca, and have been again by myself. I have spoken with wise men, and I have seen the faces of Kings, and I have tasted the what you call whisky of the Nazarenes. But of all the people the Ingliz are the best; they speak a true word and their law is just."

"And the others?" I asked.

"Listen," said the Hadj, gravely. "Once I have a Spaniard in my house, and he pay me no rent. So I went to his Consul, and the man came too. I said to the Consul of the Spaniard, 'This man pays no rent'; and the man said to his Consul, 'I have no money.' Then the Consul of the Spaniard turned to me. 'Do you hear?' he said. 'The man has no money. I cannot take from a man who has nothing. Go, and trouble me no more!' Six months passed before I could turn that man from my house. He had no money and no house, he said, and I was forced to wait until he found a place."

"It happened some years later that an Ingliz would not pay. Allah, who made all men, has made some of the Ingliz bad, too, in his wisdom. So I went to the Consul of the Ingliz, and he said, 'Pay this man.' And the Ingliz said, 'I have nothing.' 'Pay him all the money you owe,' said the Consul, in his anger, 'or you go at once to the Kasbah of the Ingliz.' Then the man went out and found the money, and I had my rent in full, and he left my house, too. So I know that the law of the Ingliz is true, as the law of the Spaniard was a lie."

"Would you like to see the Ingliz in the Maghreb?" I asked.

"No," replied Hadj Mohammed. "It is best that we are ruled by our Sultan. We know him and he knows us. Here we complain, but no Moor wants a stranger to be his master. Yet," he added, thoughtfully, "if it is written that the Sultan is to turn a Christian or that his enemies are to prevail over him, it will be best for the Maghreb if the Ingliz take it. Among all the strangers he is the best, and he can hold fast. I have seen the ships of the Ingliz: they have many guns."



PART OF "THE HOUSE."



COFFEE AND POLITICS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I MENTIONED a week or two ago that Mr. Heinemann was inclined to withhold the publication of the Illustrated History of English Literature by Messrs. Gosse and Garnett till all the volumes could be published together in the autumn. He has changed his mind, and the first and third volumes will appear immediately. No such ambitious and well-directed attempt to illustrate the history of English literature has been previously made. I may mention that Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Hall Caine have been enjoying a short holiday at Biarritz.

Messrs. Macmillan have published "Studies in Contemporary Biography," by James Bryce. It is a book of much interest. Mr. Bryce has many titles to renown, but he is wisely content to describe himself as the author of "The Holy Roman Empire," "The American Commonwealth," &c. In this volume he deals almost entirely with friends of his own, the exception being Lord Beaconsfield, to whom he devotes an elaborate study of sixty-eight pages. Mr. Bryce lays stress on Disraeli's long life, which he considers a great advantage. "Many a statesman has died at fifty and passed from the world's memory who might have become a figure in history with twenty years more of life. Had Disraeli's career closed in 1854, he would have been remembered as a Parliamentary gladiator who had produced a few incisive speeches, a crude Budget, and some brilliant social and political sketches. The strongest parts of his character might have remained unknown." This raises an interesting question: Is it, then, an advantage to live long? Mr. Bryce recognises the difficulty. He says that a man must have greatness in order to stand the test of long life. Some are found out, like Louis Napoleon; some lose their balance and thereafter their influence, like Lord Brougham. Some cease to grow or learn, and, if a statesman is not better at sixty than he was at thirty, he is worse. Mr. Bryce does not ask whether Mr. Gladstone's long life was in all respects an advantage. The truth, perhaps, is that a man in the view of posterity had better die at the climax of his career. Very few people do. There may be reasons why life is prolonged after its force has begun to decay. Mr. Bryce has not a high opinion of Disraeli's political

achievements, but he regards him as a most striking figure, one whose head was never turned by his elevation, who never became a demi-god, who never stooped to beguile the multitude by appealing to sordid instincts, who retained through life a certain amplitude of view and a noble sense of the destinies of England. Disraeli's perfect loyalty to his wife is treated with much sympathy.

"A story used to be told how in Disraeli's earlier days, when his political position was still far from assured, he and his wife happened to be the guests of the Chief of the Party, and that Chief so far forgot good manners as to quiz Mrs. Disraeli at the dinner-table. Next morning, Disraeli, whose visit was to have lasted for some days longer, announced that he must leave immediately. The host besought him to stay, and made all possible apologies, but Disraeli was inexorable, and carried off his wife forthwith."

Mr. Bryce takes a sensible view of Anthony Trollope. He considers that Trollope gives the best impression of what everyday life was like in England in the middle Victorian period. But he is very doubtful whether Trollope will be read at all fifty years after his death, "considering how comparatively few in the present generation read Richardson or Fielding, or Miss Edgeworth or Charlotte Brontë, and how much reduced is the number of those who read even Walter Scott and Thackeray." Is this quite correct? I should have imagined that Thackeray had more readers than ever, and that the vogue of Charlotte Brontë and Sir Walter Scott was hardly, if at all, diminished. That Miss Edgeworth has comparatively few readers must regretfully be conceded.

No living man is likely to see the end of the Carlyle literature. In addition to the volumes of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters edited

by Carlyle's nephew, we are to have a volume by Mr. David Wilson, who issued some years ago a book, entitled "Mr. Froude and Carlyle," which contained a very severe and damaging criticism of Froude. Then there are to be two more volumes of Carlyle's own letters, and I hear of a projected short biography. For this there is perhaps room, although there are books of the kind by Dr. Garnett, Professor Nichol, and Mr. Hector Macpherson.

O. O.



READY FOR THE FRAY.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"CAPTAIN KETTLE, K.C.B."By CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.
(Pearson. 6s.)

Captain Kettle has long taken his place by the side of Sherlock Holmes as one of the most successful of the creations of modern fiction-writers. Doubtless, therefore, the regret that the last of the great adventurer's enterprises is now chronicled will be as keen as that felt at the death of the great detective, tempered though it be by the comforting knowledge that, though Kettle has lost a leg, he has gained a K.C.B., and is comfortably settled amongst the Wharfedale Particular Methodists "in the odour of that home for which he had sighed during so many battling years, a man looked up to and respected, even by the many who disagree with most of his opinions." Mr. Cutcliffe Hyné, moreover, has proved that the redoubtable little Captain, in spite of his wooden leg, can be as truculent and as masterful as ever, and we should not be much surprised if he were one day to emerge from his retirement. That such a proceeding would be popular there can be no doubt. There is a certain indefinable something about the little man—unscrupulous bully though he is—that makes him a fascinating figure, perhaps his dare-devilry, perhaps his loyalty to his employers, or, perhaps, the qualities by which he is allied to Gilbert's "elderly naval man," who was—

... A cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

His adventures, however, have about them, by reason of his dominating personality, a slight "sameness" that makes it advisable to take them in "honourable doses." For the rest, it is sufficient to say that the stories in Mr. Cutcliffe Hyné's latest volume are all marked by the ingenious turn of plot, the skilful characterisation, and the ease of writing found in the earlier series, that the majority of the scenes are laid in North and North-East Africa, and that the ubiquitous Kettle and his ever-ready revolver—the two must, in fairness, be given equal place—play the most prominent parts.

"THE INDISCRETION OF GLADYS."By LUCAS CLEEVE.
(John Long. 6s.)

For this ingenious tale one has nothing but commendation if one is not expected to take it seriously. It is preferable to regard it as an admirable parody of the novelette. Although sparing of her murders, the author provides a sufficient number of minor shocks in the way of kidnapping, jewel-stealing, and sudden death; and Devereux de Lisle, whom, in view of his cognomen, it is superfluous to label "villain," is duly punished, and the blushing and virtuous (oh, so virtuous!) Phoebe is becomingly rewarded. Then the "high life" is represented by Sir George Saunderson and his wife. Sir George having "vowed he would never marry any woman unless he found he was her first love and that she had never been kissed by any other man," it naturally became rather difficult for Lady Gladys to mention these two little facts in her own experience, but it is from this baleful suppression all the trouble arises. To divert us, however, from this sad spectacle of aristocratic domestic unhappiness, there is Phoebe, who earns her living by type-writing. In an early stage of the story, John Hobbs, the policeman, proposes to her. She refuses him very gently. "Something, something in her voice and accent had shown the man his mistake too late. 'Why, she's a lady!' he said to himself. 'Of course, she won't marry me!' Why hadn't he thought of it before? And then, when Mrs. Wicklow told him one day that she was a clergyman's daughter, he had crept up so humbly to her. 'I do hope you'll forgive me for letting my feelings get the better of me.'" Now, this is really more touching than the behaviour of the erring Gladys. Indeed, the vicissitudes of poor Phoebe as one of the "bread-winning girls" of London are truly heart-rending; but, still, Douglas Roland was always in the background, and it must have been a very great compensation for past hardships to receive the sum of ten thousand pounds. But we learn that, when Phoebe spoke, "her sweet nobility of character, her birth and education, sounded in her voice," and of such people it is safe to predict that they will achieve much.

"AN APRIL PRINCESS."By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
(Cassell. 6s.)

The idea of this book is very pretty. A young girl, wayward, affectionate, impulsive, forms her intimate friends into a mock Court, of which she herself is the Princess. The male members of the Court are called the Poet, the Jester, the Prince, the Knight, and so forth. Miss Smedley can write very daintily, and the opening chapters of her "April Princess" are quite charming. Unfortunately, she seems to tire of her heroine before the book is half-done, and the consequence is that the reader tires of the Princess as well. Truth to tell, she is an April Princess in more senses than one. The marvel is that the Prince and the Knight put up with all her antics so meekly. For our part, we could not help feeling that

what the young woman really needed was a sound slapping. Here, for example, is the way in which she talks to the Knight, who, after being in love with her all through the book, ventures to assist her in securing another man whom she loves herself: "I could kill you!" said the Princess. "If I'd thought for a single minute you'd have been such an interfering, disloyal, treacherous sneak, I'd have confided in your mother first! I knew you were a fool, but I thought you had some vestige of honour left!" Cheery for the Knight, wasn't it? And yet, a few lines further down, we find him addressing the young virago as "My dear girl." With all due respect to Miss Smedley, we venture to assert, emphatically, that "there never was no such pussen" as that Knight. In the end, the Princess marries the man of her choice and goes to rule over his kingdom. Miss Smedley should write a sequel to "An April Princess," showing how the selected husband was driven to beat out the little April brains.

"TYPHOON."By JOSEPH CONRAD.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Great, slow-moving effects unfold themselves on Mr. Joseph Conrad's pages. This Ancient Mariner, like the greatest of his kind, demands a patient hearing, and the listener must resign himself whole-heartedly to the tale and the teller's way of setting it forth. This done, "the Mariner hath his will," and the hearer his reward. Four stories go to make up Mr. Conrad's new volume. The first, "Typhoon," which gives the book its name, is a study of elemental strife written down with the laborious minuteness of a Tourgeniev. It recounts how a slow-witted, unimaginative British Captain in the China Seas fought his way through his first typhoon by sheer dogged endurance. A quicker man might have out-maneuvred and avoided the worst of the tempest, but MacWhirr's duty to his owners would not suffer him to lay the ship a single point off her course. That would have meant a fine coal-bill to explain! A man of keener imagination might have sunk under the horror of the experience and the possibilities of greater horror in store. Thus the Second Mate; but MacWhirr, the painfully literal, knew only the present moment: the past was done with, the future not yet here, and so he triumphed. The coolies below broke loose and fought for their scattered belongings. MacWhirr had the money and chattels collected and flung aside, as the first step towards order. And order came. The other stories are all of dull brains and limited intelligence, pitted against the stress of nature or swayed by primordial passion, and throughout all the handling is masterly. But this is no book for the superficial reader.

"THE GOLD WOLF."By MAX PEMBERTON.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

Amid the pile of amateur rubbish that, at this season of the year, comes pouring into the study of the hapless reviewer, it is a pleasant relief to come across a volume bearing the name of an author who, so to speak, understands his business. Mr. Max Pemberton is a story-teller, pure and simple. His public, a very considerable one, looks to him for excitement, and it may safely be said that it never looks in vain. "The Gold Wolf" is full of incident, mystery, crime; the situations are dramatic, the dialogue is natural, the characters are well-drawn. The central figure of the book is a multi-millionaire who has contracted an unhappy marriage. The mysterious death of his wife, following immediately after a bitter quarrel between the couple, paves the way for many ingenious complications, leading up to a highly sensational curtain. "The Gold Wolf" is certain of success. The volume is also notable for the many full-page drawings by that excellent artist, Maurice Greiffenhagen; we have never seen better illustrations in any modern novel.

ON THE TABLE.

- "John Halifax, Gentleman." By Miss Muloch. (Pearson. 2s.)—A nicely printed edition of this classical novel bound in cloth. Illustrated by H. M. Brock.
- "Humorous Poems." By Thomas Hood. (Macmillan. 2s.) Preface by Alfred Ainger. Illustrated by Charles Brock.—Clearly printed and daintily bound.
- "The Lonely Way." By W. A. Adams, M.A. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)—A volume of poems prettily bound in white vellum.
- "Crowborough Beacon." By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)—A story of the buicks and fine ladies of Tunbridge Wells a hundred years ago.
- "The Ring of the Nibelung." By Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)—An interpretation embodying Wagner's own explanations. As frontispiece, the book contains a recently discovered photograph of Richard Wagner at the age of fifty-six.
- "Studies in Contemporary Biography." By James Bryce. (Macmillan. 10s.)—A series of biographical essays on eminent men, including Lord Beaconsfield, Dean Stanley, Archbishop Tait, John Richard Green, and Mr. Gladstone.
- "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen: Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I." By W. H. Wilkins. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)—A new and revised edition (with illustrations) of this interesting book on a misrepresented Queen.
- "The Gaffer's Rubaiyat." By H. W. Boynton. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)—A parody of Omar Khayyám, profusely illustrated by pictures of golfers à la Persian.
- "England's Mission by England's Statesmen." Edited by Arthur Mee. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—A selection of speeches of our great statesmen from Chatham to Chamberlain, representing a hundred years of British statesmanship.
- "Reprobate Silver." By Roy Devereux. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—A modern novel.
- "The House on the Mine." By Bertha Clementia Foster. (Drane. 6s.)



THE DEGENERATES.

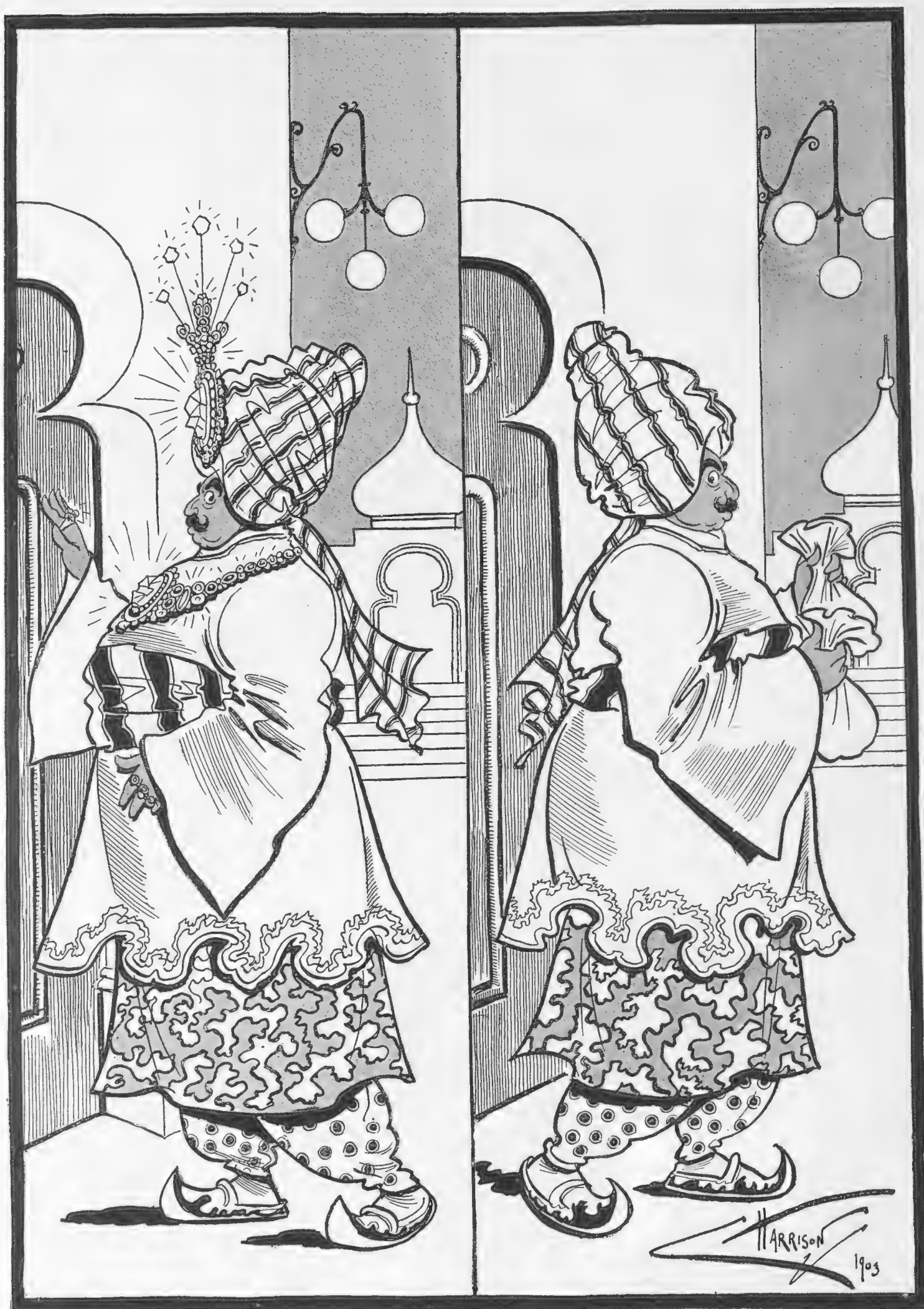
"What's become of old Sam Smith?"
"I dunno. What's his name?"
"I dunno."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A STUDY IN LINE AND WASH.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



AFTER THE DURBAR.

FROM THE "CHILLI-CHUTNEE EVENING NEWS," 1ST EDITION: *His Highness the Maharajah of Jojopore has left on a visit to his uncle.*

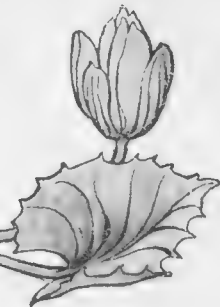
2ND EDITION: *His Highness the Maharajah of Jojopore has returned from the visit to his uncle.*

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LITTLE RED DOG.

By NORA CHESSEON.



"Open the door wide, Ailie; did ye not hear the knockin'?"

"Open the door yourself, ye long-legged omadhaun!" retorted Teague

O'Mulconry's shrewish wife, as the knocking was repeated. A blow would have requited her sharp speech had not one of the children, cowering together for warmth in the furthest corner, risen and gone quickly and quietly to the door and taken down the bar.

"Lettin' the could wind in on us, are ye, and we could enough already, ye little devil?" the mistress said, sharply, but without looking round. "Come in—whoever's there—in the name of the Great Dhoul!"

"There's nobody there, Mammy," whimpered another of the children; "an' tell Dermot to shut the door, for we're could—an' it's outside he is, Mammy."

"Och, come in, Dermot asthore, or sleep the night outside," Alice O'Mulconry said, in a tone that went ill with her gentle words. "Shut the door fast now, ma bouchaleen bwec" (my yellow-haired boy). "Quick now, or your father'll find a way to hurry ye, lame though ye be."

Lame Dermot shut the door quickly and softly, and came forward to the hearth with a deprecating glance at his mother's red and wrathful face. "It's a little red dog is in it," he said, shrinking a little, as if he expected a blow, "and no one else outside at all."

"'Tis as foxy as the hair av ye, Ailie," his father said, with a careless laugh. "Put the creature down and let it feel the fire—'tis drenched it is. Here, Ailie, woman, give us holt of a pratie; maybe the wee beast's hungry."

"Out it goes afther supper, were it the Queen's own dog," Ailie said, as Dermot stood, holding the wet, rough little beast closely in his arms, watching it eat and drink voraciously of a potato and a sup of buttermilk.

"Set it down on the hearth, now, an' let it get warm," Teague said, when the little creature was fed and satisfied. "Hurry now, boy, an' roast these praties in the ashes for your mother. Wisha, but how pleased the little red beast looks to be warm again! Did ye go to confession to-day now, Ailie darling, an' Dermot with ye?"

"Yes," his wife said, sullenly; "an' Father Francis was onplisant because of the rint that wasn't paid, an' said he knew that Larry Doyle wanted the money worse than we—an' he niver afther dhrinkin' a sup av annything in a neighbourly way."

"Did he, now?" Teague said, with a great laugh. "That was cruel hard av Father Francis, sure now. An' did you weed the Father's garden to-day, Dermot?"

"Yes, father," the boy said, lifting the roasted potatoes from the ashes and piling them on his mother's plate.

"An' the money? Come, Dermot, my son, give it me quick, for the little brown jug is empty, horse luck!"

"Cruel little 'tis, too. . . . But the money, Teague, every penny, Dermot paid into Larry Doyle's hand, an' me abusing him for the thief av the world all the time!" Mrs. O'Mulconry said, angrily. Her husband's grey eyes grew a trifle lighter in colour, and his lips tightened into an unpleasant smile, as he asked, quite coolly—

"Is that so, Dermot, or is it a lie?"

"No, father; I gave the sixpence to Larry Doyle."

"Did you, now? Come here, boyo. . . . Oh, you're not afraid av me, thin, like Fergus and Tim?" Under his ruffled thatch of yellow hair, Dermot's dark eyes looked up at the threatening quiet of his father's face with the fearlessness of complete knowledge.

"No, father, I'm not afraid."

"Come now, that's brave hearing. Tell me now, ma bouchaleen bwec, how many beatings do I owe ye?" Dermot glanced at the belt on the floor and its formidable buckle, and his lips paled, though his eyes kept their clear courage.

"Three . . . you said, father."

"An' did ye think it's belting ye I would be for payin' Doyle that money? Speak, now."

"Yes, father."

"Four that makes. Pick up that belt now an' put it ready to my hand on the table . . . an' . . . thirsty, are ye, my jewel? Dermot, take the jug now an' give wee Mary a sup of the buttermilk."

"Oh, Dermot!" the little girl whispered, as her brother limped across the room and knelt down that she might drink the easier. "Dermot, I niver saw Daddy look so black. He's not angry wid me?"

"No, sure; only with me, Mary darling," Dermot whispered back. "Go to sleep an' don't be afraid now, avourneen."

"Will he be afther beltin' you now?"

Dermot nodded, smiling a little as wee Mary's thin little fingers tightened over his hand.

"Daddy looks so black, Dermot avick, it's frightened I am. Sure, he won't kill ye, will he?"

"No, avourneen," Dermot whispered, comfortingly, "he'll not kill me . . . but"—lower still—"I wish he would. Hush now, girleen dear," as Mary's blue eyes dilated with terror. "Shut your eyes fast and go to sleep now. Let me go, pulse of my heart." He put the clinging little hands away, and came back to the table, setting the jug down.

"It's asleep she is?" his mother said, sharply.

Dermot shook his head. "No, not yet, Vanitha" (Mistress), he said, gently. "It was frightened she was, lying there in the dark corner; but she'll sleep now."

"You'd better, girleen," Ailie said, less harshly, with a glance at the corner where the four children lay huddled together on a bed of fern. "Put another peat on the fire, Dermot, an' stow the pratie-kish away . . . an' do it quietly now and not wake the childher."

"Yes, mother," the boy said below his breath, as he went softly about his task of bringing some sort of order out of the disorder of the frowsy cabin, conscious the while that his father and mother were watching him with eyes of contempt and dislike that was fast growing into hatred, a hatred that fed on his lameness, his physical helplessness, and the white nature that neither of them could smirch or soil, however their malice disfigured its garment of flesh-and-blood. The little red dog raised its muzzle from its paws and seemed to be watching him too, but kindly; and when his work was done and he leaned against the wall for a minute, gathering up his breath and closing his tired eyes against the dazzle of the fire, the little creature left its warm couch and nestled its cold nose gratefully into his hand.

"Open the door an' put it out," Mrs. O'Mulconry said. "Move quicker now, Dermot!"

"Mother, it's dark an' wet it is outside, an' more rain coming. Let the dog bide here to-night," the boy begged. "Look how friendly 'tis."

"Put the dog out . . . or shall I?"

Dermot opened the door a little way, and put the dog gently outside; then he closed the door and turned quickly at the sound of a loud exclamation from his mother, "Omadhaun as ye are, look there now!"

"The door's shut fast, mother."

"An' the red brute's lyin' on the hearth again . . . an' the door shut fast, is it? Dermot, ma bouchal, does Father Francis teach you to lie?"

"I shut the door fast, father," the boy said, in his gentle, hopeless voice, "an' the dog was outside. Maybe it's a fairy dog it is."

"Maybe; or maybe, my fine lad, you shut the door fast an' the little red dog inside all the time," Teague said, smoothly. "Come here now, ma bouchaleen bwec . . . or," as the boy hesitated, "is it fetch ye I must?"

"Did ye see the little red dog there?" the children whispered one to the other, when, bruised and breathless, Dermot had thrown himself down amongst them again, with his face to the mud wall. "Did ye see the eyes av him when Daddy was beltin' Dermot? An', for two pins, 'ud he have bin at Daddy's throat, I'm thinkin', boys . . . an' won't we set him at Phil Casey's ould goat to-morrow? . . . An', Dermot, Dermot—come, it's not asleep ye are, now—why wouldn't ye be afther bawlin', as Tim an' I do, an' Daddy's hand 'ud be lighter on ye?"

Dermot, I say—Dermot, avick—look now, Mammy's noddin', an' ye niver tould us the ind o' that story . . . Dermot!"

The touch of the eager little hands was like fire on Dermot's bruised shoulders, but his thirteen years had taught him the uselessness of complaints; and so he lay still and tried hard not to wince while Fergus and Tim crept close to him and Mary and little Paudeen thrust their cold hands inside his shirt to be warmed in his breast.

"An' the Princess's women poured milk into the sthrame?"

"Ay, did they, Fergus! . . . An' when he saw the hill-stream run white, up the hill went the Prince. An' he killed Blathmat's husband and set free his hostages, an' then—"

"He married Blathmat?" said a drowsy little voice.

"Ay, Paudeen. . . . Hush now, for mother's awake."

The last of the children passed from pretended to real slumber before Ailie O'Mulconry had finished upbraiding her husband for the mud on his frowsy coat; and before her harangue was half ended, Teague had thrown himself down upon the bed and was asleep too; but Dermot and his mother lay long awake, and, just ere the rain came, quenching the embers of the fire with a sputter, Ailie O'Mulconry saw the little red dog creep from the warm hearth and, crossing the room stealthily, lie down on Dermot's breast. She made no further objection to its presence, and during the hard year that followed—made harder by persistent unkindness—little Rua was a good friend to Dermot, and helped to keep the boy's nature sweet, in spite of rough words and rougher usage.

"There's a kind av weed grows all along the esker there; red it is an' climbing, an' where wance it has grown it cannot be stamped out, an' the weed is like Dermot's patience," Teague O'Mulconry said on a day when the back of the winter was broken, and the primroses gleamed yellow here and there among the tall grass of the esker running away west a few yards from their door. "An', maybe, if he'd turn black an' ugly for wance, it's better we'd like him, eh, Ailie?"

"Flesh av my flesh," Ailie said, gloomily, "an' grown have I to hate my flesh."

"I thought he'd go wid the winter," Teague said, with a half-smile, "but, maybe, he's a changeling, eh, Ailie? An' the Shee have looked after their own. Augh, Ailie jewel, we'll have a sthrange score to pay av they do."

"I'll pay it," Ailie said, defiantly, "an' welcome. What is it ails ye now, Mary an' Paudeen? Hungry, is it? Well, mother's comin'."

"Give the little red dog a sup of milk, Ailie," Teague said, as he went out, and his wife obeyed, being secretly a little in awe of her husband, and very honestly and superstitiously afraid of the strange dog that slept all day long amid the ashes of the hearth.

"Come, Mary agra—an' dhrink fair, you Fergus an' Tim . . . an' here's a hot pratie for ye, Paudeen, my man. What's that, Mary? No, ye will not be afther callin' Dermot in to dinner. Dermot can tell the gentle people when it's hungry an' thirsty he is. Dermot, are ye hearin' me now?"

"Yes, mother, I hear," Dermot said, bending his pinched face lower over the iron pot he was patiently trying to mend.

"There was a grand carriage went through Aghyurush to-day, an' Jimmy Whelan got a silver sixpence for showin' his withered arm. Did ye see it, Dermot?"

"Yes, mother."

"An' you were too fine to go out an' beg," Tim put in.

Mrs. O'Mulconry's face was dark with anger now, as Dermot turned and looked quietly at her with his steady, sorrowful eyes.

"Go hungry or beg, Dermot—wan or t'other you'll do. An', av it's your mind to starve, sure it's little I care," she said, harshly. "An', av the fancy takes ye to eat bread an' sup milk o' my buyin', my yellow-headed boy, you'll have to be afther runnin' beside in the dust av the cars an' beg quality for a penny, like other lame childher. A pretty thing for ye to be afther eatin' when ye don't work!"

Dermot looked at the bread with hungry eyes, but he did not speak or protest, somewhat to the virago's disappointment.

"Go out an' beg," she said again. "There's a carriage comin' down the hill now, an' quality in it. Go out an' beg a little penny av them. . . . Tell them ye can buy joy for a penny in Tir-na-n'Og. Go quick, now!" stamping her foot angrily.

Dermot obeyed slowly and with a curious look in his dark eyes—a look which his mother could not understand and which made her follow him to the door and stand there watching the slender, stooping

figure limping through the dust towards the approaching carriage. The dust was blowing past her now so thickly that she could scarcely see, but she could hear the wheels coming nearer—could hear, too, a cry that was not Dermot's; and then the wheels died away in the distance, and through the dust Ailie saw her husband coming towards her with Dermot in his arms—bruised and broken with the wheels and hoofs under which he had thrown himself, but breathing still.

"No, don't touch him!" Teague said, fiercely, as he laid the boy down on the bed of fern. "Whisht, woman, an' don't be afther throublin' him now. Isn't the docthor in it at Arramore to-day, Paudeen? Go see, annyhow, an' tell him Dermot's dyin', do ye hear?"

"An' take that brute out of it wid ye," Ailie said, angrily, as the little red dog crept up to Dermot and began to lick his white face. Teague frowned.

"Let the creature be; kinder has it been to him than aither av us, Ailie. An' how is it wid ye now, Dermot avick?" as the boy moved uneasily, and sighed for the sharp pain that followed the movement.

"I'll be better soon . . ." he said, patiently, ". . . an' will you be lettin' Rua be, father? It's not hurting me he is . . . an' little Mary's afther playin' by the well, mother."

"Go see to her," Teague said, curtly, and, as his wife went out unwillingly, he stooped down and looked directly into Dermot's eyes. "Do ye know it's dyin' ye are, ma bouchal?"

"Yes, I know," the boy said, quickly. "An' it's glad I am; I was always the mouth too many."

"God forgive us . . . an' so ye were. But I niver thought ye'd cut the knot yourself, Dermot, an' undher the wheels av quality too . . . Dermot"—suddenly—"it's not worse ye are? Sure, an' I sent Paudeen for the docthor and Tim for the priest, an', please God, that's him now knockin' at the door there. Come in, Father Francis, God bless ye; come in wid ye."

Nobody entered, however, and the knocking was repeated, so Teague opened the door and confronted a lady, hooded and cloaked in green.

There was a wild bark, and the little red dog leapt up into her arms and lay there looking up into her face with shining eyes while she crossed the threshold, uninvited, and sat down on a stool beside the empty hearth.

"You fed my dog for a year and more," she said, looking up at Teague, who stood near, watching her uneasily, "yet he growls at you. . . . How comes that? Did you grudge the food?"

"Yes," Teague said, sullenly.

"Did no one give my dog kindness as well as food?" she asked, still keeping her bright eyes on the man's face. "Is there no grace left to the name of Mulconry? Or did you all forget that the gentle people are strong people yet?"

Teague drew back a step or two, with the uneasy fear quickening in his face. "Is it teasin' ye are?" he muttered; then, as he caught the lady's eyes, he backed again. . . . "Well, . . . Woman o' the Shee, he liked the little red dog," nodding at Dermot, who grew from red to pale and from pale to red again as the lady turned in her seat and looked fixedly at him.

"Ay!" she said, nodding; "it was I who drove you down. And is it whole again you'd rather be? No? I thought I was giving you a good gift, Dermot avourneen."

"You did," Dermot said, faintly; "an' it's glad I am of it, Woman o' the Shee."

"Glad am I, too," she said, rising, with her eyes still on him; "and will you make me gladder, Dermot? Come to me, then."

She set the little red dog down now and held out both her hands, and Teague, watching, saw a flash of pain shoot across Dermot's face as she spoke. Then he sprang back, crying out aloud, for Dermot had risen and come to the lady's side, and his eyes were shining into hers.

"God save all here!" said Father Francis, as he pushed past Ailie and stooped over Dermot. "My grief, Mrs. O'Mulconry, you fetched me too late! See here, now! Poor boy, poor boy!"

As the priest stooped lower to cross the dead lad on breast and forehead, Ailie broke into loud crying and tears; but, in the sunlit doorway, Teague O'Mulconry laughed softly to himself as he looked across the potato-field to the smooth ridge of the esker, amid whose fair green grass and tall meadowsweet went the nameless lady, with Dermot walking beside her, while behind them ran and frolicked the little red dog.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NOTWITHSTANDING the still raging controversy in Stratford-on-Avon as to whether a Carnegie Free Library shall or shall not be built in the very street where Shakspeare was born—an agitation which broke forth again directly after the "Birthday"—Mr. F. R. Benson's "Celebration" performances in the local Memorial Theatre have been largely attended and extensively appreciated. These performances, now in their second week, have included two non-Shaksperian works, namely, "Every Man in his Humour," by Ben Jonson, and "Paolo and Francesca," by Mr. Stephen Phillips.

It is long since "Every Man in his Humour" was presented on our native stage. Indeed, with the exception of amateur performances, I do not remember that this play has been presented at all since Charles Dickens and his subsequent biographer, John Forster, were wont, for certain charities, to enact the braggart Captain Bobadil and the jealous merchant, Kitley. Mr. Benson, ignoring the old-time heavy and so-called "intense" method of acting Ben Jonson's play,

The very next new play-production at the West-End is (according to advices to hand at the time of going to press) Mr. George P. Bancroft's comedy, due at the Avenue May 2. This play is entitled "The Little Countess," and I have good reason to believe that it will prove full of highly interesting situations.

For some time Mr. George Edwardes has been in doubt as to how to announce the authorship of the "book" of "The School Girl." It was originally planned by Mr. Paul Potter, whose adaptation of "Trilby" was so long played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Next, Mr. Henry Hamilton was called in to collaborate. Anon, a certain well-known journalist and War-Correspondent took part in providing certain situations and dialogue. Besides all this, Mr. Edwardes contributed many special features himself. So, you see, like most modern musical plays, "The School Girl" is the work of several hands. I think, from what I know of the piece, that you will like the librettical result. Mr. Leslie Stuart's music contains many a sweet



MISS JANET ALEXANDER AS MARY PINNER IN "THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



MISS BRITTON, WHO PLAYS DAGNY IN "THE VIKINGS," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photograph by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

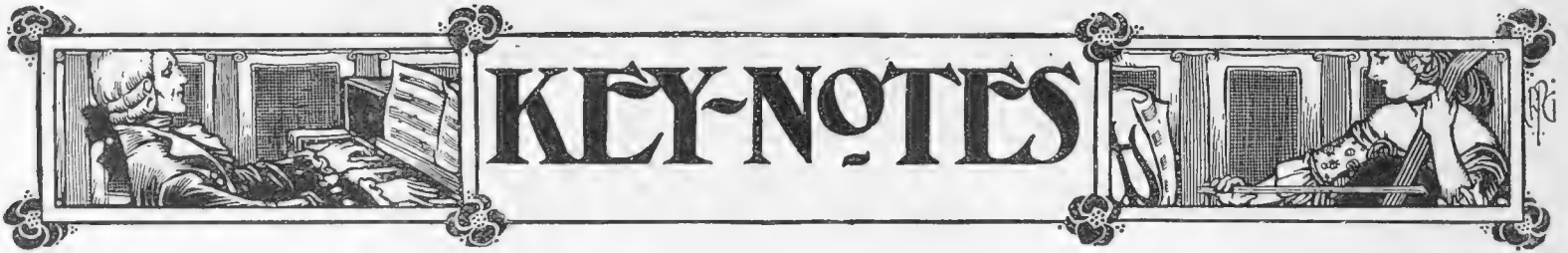
treats it, and causes his Company to treat it, as quite a farcical comedy. By this treatment, irreverent as it seems to be to many an old-fashioned-minded student, "Every Man in his Humour" undoubtedly becomes, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, more "tolerable and to be endured." In Ben Jonson's often great but more often garrulous comedy, Mr. Benson makes a very quaint and thoroughly original Bobadil, and is admirably seconded by Mr. Cyril Keightley as that typical Elizabethan "gull" called Master Stephen; Mr. Arthur Whitby as Kitley, the victim of the Green-Eyed Monster; and Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Brainworm, the Biondi-like disguising man-servant.

"Every Man in his Humour" is being repeated in Shakspeare's town this evening. To-morrow (Thursday), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given, also on Friday afternoon and Saturday afternoon and evening. Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" will be played again on Friday night. I understand that, in due course, Mr. Benson will submit "Every Man in his Humour" to the London public. Whenever he does, it should be welcome, for he has undoubtedly, by his novel treatment of the piece, turned it into quite a rollicking entertainment.

number, especially for Miss Edna May, Miss Marie Studholme (who plays another school-girl—one with a sweetheart), Miss Violet Cameron, and Mr. Reginald Somerville, who plays the other school-girl's lover.

Mr. Martin Harvey has just selected May 9 as the date for making his London reappearance at the Royalty in the new American-made play written by Messrs. Osbourne and Strong. This is at present named "The Exile," but, as at least two plays of that name are in existence, I shall not be surprised to find the title being changed. The exile of the piece is our friend the enemy, Napoleon, around whom so many dramas have been written. One, called "Napoleon the Great," was copyrighted only a few days ago, and some few others are looming. Mr. Harvey has secured a powerful cast for his Napoleonic play.

Miss Britton, who takes the part of Dagny in "The Vikings," at the Imperial, was discovered by Miss Ellen Terry, who saw her as Regan at Stratford-on-Avon, realised her possibilities, and gave her the chance of creating this important rôle in Ibsen's play. Miss Britton hails from Berkshire. She has had two years' experience in Benson's Company, during which time she has appeared as Hermia, Olivia, Lady Anne ("Richard the Third"), and the Queen in "Hamlet."



THE musical season may now be said to be in full swing with the opening of Covent Garden Opera and with the advent of innumerable concerts. It is with one of these concerts that one may deal first. At the St. James's Hall a few days ago Mr. William Backhaus gave his third and last recital of his present series, at which he was assisted by Miss Alice Holländer. He played Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" without

any great poetry of feeling, though it would be absurd to deny that he was accurate in every detail. In fact, it is this steadfast kind of accuracy which makes him quite an interesting player. As to the position of the composer whose work he interpreted, it has been curiously made a matter of argument almost ever since the decline which inevitably followed upon the great triumphs of Mendelssohn's lifetime; nor can it really be said that he has in his posthumous reputation ever gone back to the estimate in which he was held by contemporaries. Still, Mendelssohn remains emphatically, in his construction, one of the last of what may be called the classical composers.

be able to record next week, as the present writer is morally certain that he will be able to record, a really artistic success in the production of the great Tetralogy.

The first subscription night of the season opens on the Monday, as has already been stated, with "Lohengrin"; but that is immediately followed by the second Cycle, which lasts through the rest of the week, beginning May 5, with the one exception, apparently, of Friday, May 8. The third Cycle then begins on May 11, running on to May 16, with two intervals.

The bare stating of these facts shows precisely the extent to which, at all events, the early days of the opera season are to be surrendered to the Wagner enthusiasm. As will be seen, with scarcely an interruption of any kind, Cycle after Cycle will be hurled at our heads in the most lavish and reckless way. Of old we used to regard Sir Augustus Harris as a sort of heroic pioneer, when he talked of mounting the "Ring," anyhow, with cuts at Covent Garden; now, as it appears, we are to have a perfect deluge of the "Ring," as a sort of prelude to the lighter work of the season. It is just possible, of course, that the Syndicate is playing a little joke upon London Society, and that it hopes by this tremendous piece of Wagnerian exaggeration to make us long for the operatic flesh-pots of Egypt; and, no doubt, such will be the case. The lightest opera will surely be received with enthusiasm by fickle audiences after the heavy trials which must necessarily attend three successive weeks of opera containing three successive Cycles of "Der Ring."

COMMON CHORD.

M. Ysaye, whom all London music-lovers are looking forward to hearing this season, is what our lively neighbours euphemistically style "un brave Belge." He is certainly the greatest violinist Belgium has ever produced, and the good folk of Brussels are very proud of him, the more so that he soon achieved cosmopolitan fame. London is the Mecca of every Continental musician, and M. Ysaye had only to come, be seen—or rather, heard—to conquer. Nowhere has he warmer admirers than in this country, where he has been heard in perfection, accompanied by Signor Busoni, the eminent pianist.



M. YSAYE.

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

Mr. Backhaus, however, did not choose to give to his interpretation that classical staidness without which the Mendelssohn sentiment cannot be said to attain to any real fulfilment.

Mr. Backhaus also played Chopin; and here he certainly gave a very personal reading to the work of that exquisitely fine and finely exquisite composer. This pianist is chiefly to be found wanting when any greatly passionate sentiment needs interpretation; he is, in fact, one who can scarcely be described as having yet come to the fulfilment of his powers.

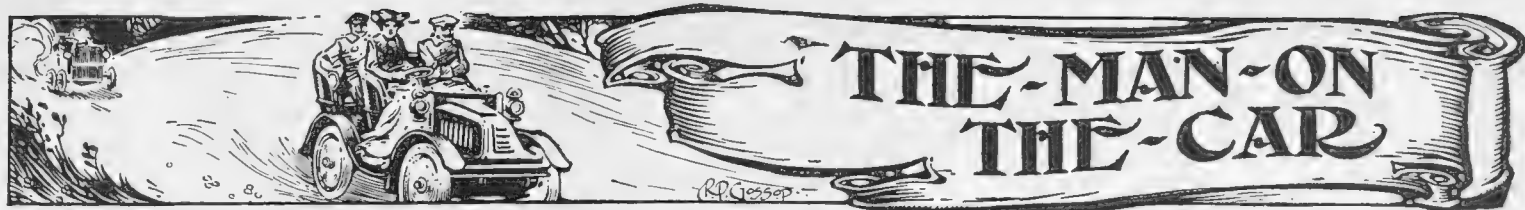
It is not possible at the moment of writing these lines to make any comment upon the performance of the "Ring des Nibelungen," which opened at Covent Garden on Monday (April 27). This, of course, does not constitute the regular beginning of the opera season, which begins with "Lohengrin" on Monday next (May 4). The preparations, however, which the Syndicate made for the fitting representation of Wagner's immortal work have been on the most lavish scale. All the scenery has been newly painted, and every effort has been made to bring Covent Garden into line with the very best and most artistic interpretations of the work as it is known to the frequenters of the greatest Continental opera-houses.

In this connection, one may recall a certain performance of "Das Rheingold" which took place at the Bayreuth Theatre some seven years ago, in which the whole scenic arrangements struck one as being of an extremely amateurish kind. The colours of the various "divinities" who were to inhabit Valhalla were peculiarly crude, reminding one, indeed, of the cheap Christmas-card in vogue some twenty years ago; and there were even occasional details of confusion with the back-cloths that made one, like the old rhetorician, "stare and gasp." Seeing that Bayreuth's machinery is of the most elaborate description, and that Covent Garden chiefly depends for mechanical success upon the various human directors who take charge here and there of particular departments, it will be a great thing when one will



MISS. CONSTANCE DREVER, OF THE SAVOY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



A New Speed-Course—The Gordon Bennett Race—Paris to Madrid—Repairers.

NEGOTIATIONS on the part of the Automobile Club have so far advanced that the present undertaking of a motor racing-track at Purley, on the Warlingham side of the Brighton road, is announced. This speed-course is to be no less than seven miles in circuit, formed of two parallel sides, connected by semi-circular ends, which are to be banked up to permit the cars passing round them at high speeds. The arrangements made with the landowner by the Club will permit the use of this track for automobile speeding purposes on no less than forty days in the year. The straights—or one of them—are of sufficient length to allow of a flying kilometre with sufficient starting and stopping distances. Many will regret that it is not possible to get a flying mile, as a mile covered in so many seconds must appeal with greater directness to the British public than a kilometre, which is $\cdot 621$, or $\frac{1000}{1613}$, of a mile, and therefore very difficult to realise in comparison with the British standard. The whole course when completed will be far from level; indeed, it will be more or less undulating throughout, and will even boast a climb in one part of a mile and a-quarter, with gradients varying from 1 in 22 to 1 in 78. The only drawback I perceive to this seven-mile track is that the public will be able to view only portions and not the whole of races of any length.

If those people who are keenly interested in automobilism fondly imagined that the times effected by the three Napier and one Star car in the Eliminating Trials held last Saturday at Welbeck would be made public, they must have been grievously disappointed when they opened their Sunday-morning papers. The speeds of the cars have, however, been kept secret solely to avoid the enlightenment of the enemy within and without our gates, and, after all, it is best to refrain from giving the foe such excellent pointers as the times put on by the selected cars would afford them. Moreover, it is not by the results of the speed-tests alone that the Club Committee will discriminate between the vehicles. The hill-climbing performances are to be taken into careful consideration, and it is by *pot-pourri* of the runs on the flat and the scalings of the hill that the champions will be chosen. As, however, there is no hill on the Irish course worthy of the name, it is to be hoped that too much importance may not be attached to the hill performances. The Gordon Bennett race will be won by speed and dashing but careful driving.

The entries for the great Paris-Madrid race have now nominally closed, the number of self-propelled vehicles already inscribed to start

amounting to the extraordinary total of two hundred and seventy-seven. The list, however, is open until the 17th prox. on payment of a doubled entry-fee, so that this huge crowd of cars, &c., may be still further swollen. Amongst the latest chauffeurs to enter vehicles are Mr. Harvey Foster, Lord Carnarvon, and Arthur Du Cros, who will doubtless drive a Panhard. Two Humber motor-bicycles are also set down to start, and, no doubt, one of these machines will be steered through France and Spain by the firm's expert rider, Bert Yates. The starting of this huge caravan of horseless vehicles will strain the organising abilities of the Automobile Club of France to the uttermost, for, presuming that they are loosed at intervals of five minutes only, and they can hardly be let go before, no less than twenty-three hours will separate the first from the last vehicle at the beginning of the race. Thus, for a day and a night, or nearly so, cars will be pouring past any one point of the French portion of the course, anyway. It is probable that the procession will neither be so frequent nor so long once the Spanish frontier is passed and the roads or no roads of the Peninsula fairly tackled.

It is good news that the Automobile Club are taking steps to supply their members, and, consequently, motorists all up and down the country, with something like reliable information as to the capabilities of the repairers included in the official list. Applicants for appointment are now, very properly, required to particularise the class of repairs for which their tools, premises, and appliances are suitable, and, when making application for registration as an official repairer, it is necessary to answer a series of questions, the replies to which will establish the kind of repairs which can be effected. The greatest care ought to be exercised in the appointment of these people, for numberless ill-qualified individuals are seeking to prey upon the unwary motorist throughout the country by setting themselves up as motor-car repairers, when, if their qualifications were closely inquired into, they would not be found equal to the botching of a wheelbarrow, much less the delicate and difficult operations sometimes necessary to the amelioration of an auto-car.

As further evidence of the popularity of the private motor-carriage, it may be mentioned that the Prince of Wales has ordered an electric brougham from the City and Suburban Electric Carriage Co., Limited. This is His Royal Highness's third motor-carriage, as, in addition to the petrol-car made for him by the Daimler Company, he has now in his possession one of the City and Suburban Company's phaetons for country use.



MR. J. W. STOCKS.

MR. C. JARROTT.

MR. S. F. EDGE.

THE THREE NAPIER CARS SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE GREAT GORDON BENNETT RACE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Epsom Spring—The Guineas—Jockeys—Top-hats.

THERE was a capital attendance at the Epsom Spring Meeting, and the racing was first-chop. The win of Wavelet's Pride was a popular one, as the majority of the theatrical folk and the professionals were on the Edwardes good thing. Backers highly charged with patriotism did not do quite so well over the City and Suburban, as they stood the English-trained French horse, Robert le Diable, to beat the winner, the French-owned and trained Brambilla. The latter gained an easy verdict, and many will be, on the look-out for Alençon when the old Cambridgeshire winner runs again in this country. It is said Tod Sloan and Eugene Legh both fancied Brambilla. I am very glad a three-year-old has once more won the City, as it should encourage owners to enter animals of that age. Before leaving Epsom, I would like to suggest that, now the meeting is fed by four lines from London, the special fares ought to be modified. Six-and-sixpence for a first-class return is too steep, seeing that the ordinary everyday fare is but half-a-crown. It is difficult to understand why the South Coast railways raise their fares at race-times, while all the Northern lines adopt the cheap-trip system to meet all sporting fixtures, whether it be racing, football, cricket, or running.

The First Spring Meeting at Newmarket is generally a big draw, but the absence of His Majesty the King may keep away some of the chief members of Society this week. The race for the Two Thousand Guineas will be an exciting one, but it may not tell us much about the Derby, as the King's colt is to be specially saved for the Epsom race. Rabelais, who is trained by R. Marsh, should run well for the Two Thousand, but I think the race will be a match between Rock Sand and Sermon, and the last-named, who ran like a stayer at the last Newmarket meeting, must have my final vote. The One Thousand Guineas must be left to post-speculators, and I shall be surprised if the race is won by the favourite. It should be possible to find out something about the Derby horses this week. The King's colt, Mead, is much liked by the Newmarket men of observation. It is said that Greatorex has broken down, and Songcraft may be the best of John Porter's lot. Mr. Neumann's candidate, L'Aiglon, is under a cloud, but Flotsam and Rock Sand have each done consistently good work. The owners will, I am told, again toss for the choice of jockeys

in the Derby, and Martin, who rides Rock Sand this week, may have to steer Flotsam at Epsom. Whatever beats Mead should win the Derby.

Some of the jockeys are riding well this year, while others are doing very badly. I am glad to see it is intended to start a school to teach



BRAMBILLA, WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

young jockeys how to ride. I think, too, that young jockeys should be better educated than they are at present, and they should at least have passed the seventh standard in a Board School before being allowed to don silk. True, many jockeys are fairly well educated, while a few can boast a Public School education; but the majority are woefully ignorant, and they try to make up in cunning what they lack in ordinary intelligence. I am never likely to forget a little incident of twenty years back, when an apprentice's father wanted me to get his son a situation, and the old man boasted with pride that his son could neither read nor write, and therefore could not impart stable secrets. When I asked if the boy was dumb, the old father was dumfounded! The boy has a cousin riding in races at the present time. The latter was well educated and he is a big property-owner. I would have boys able to read well, write well, and understand well before they were allowed to ride in races, and I would, if I could, take away their licences directly they freely indulged in either strong drink or gambling.

I am, and always have been, ready to head an agitation against the wearing of top-hats at a race-meeting. They are uncomfortable to the wearer and are a nuisance to his near neighbour when the latter is watching a race from the top of a race-stand. I suppose it is necessary to enforce the top-hat régime at Ascot, but I really do think the "topper" should give way to the Panama or the motor-cap at Goodwood. In the spirit of compromise, I suggest that top-hats be worn on to the course and there exchanged for the useful straw or the comfortable cap. In that case, it would be advisable to lower the cloak-room fees at meetings such as Ascot or Goodwood, as a shilling is far too much to pay for looking after a hat or an umbrella.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE CITY AND SUBURBAN: THE WEIGHING ENCLOSURE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE unwritten annals of the doctor, the nurse, and the masseuse would, if they could be collected, throw light on many minor mysteries of everyday existence no less well than the darker things with which this gossamer gossip has nothing to do. The way in which trifles are linked to graver issues and tragedy bound to *banale*



A VISITING-GOWN OF THE LATEST MODE. [Copyright.]

is certainly inevitable and everyday in the human comedy. But it is only when these contacts come under our immediate observation that we, in the phraseology of the monthly nurse, "begin to take notice," just like her gurgling, round-eyed charge. It may seem a far cry from the friendly macerations of the masseuse to the fashion in evening-frocks, for instance. Yet the two are somewhat intimately connected, inasmuch as many—in fact, the majority of women who go out much nowadays—regularly command the services of the masseuse for the beatification and development of arms, shoulders, and neck. Nor is this altogether pandering to appearance only, as might at first seem the case. Doctors are agreed that massage is as beneficial to the emaciated neck or angular, narrow chest as it is to the system generally. So with this knowledge of how shapely roundness may be preserved or obtained follows fashion's exploitation of the same, and evening-bodices have gradually reached their present vanishing-point through a diminuendo of several Seasons.

I remember thinking, on a gala-night at the Scala, two or three years ago, when all Milan assembled to a great occasion, that the *svelte* Italian shoulders seemed undraped to an extent that the women of no other country had ever presented to my vision. London drawing-rooms this Season eclipse, however, any Latin rivalry. Fashionable frocks literally fall away from the shoulders, and the expanse of uncovered neck is emphasised by the generous V-shaped décolletage which appears in all new gowns back and front and is borrowed from the most undraped period of Early Victorian fashion. On the other hand, that useful French habit of high evening-dress has come to be largely adopted for the "outdoor" occasions of theatre

and restaurant-dinner, and, when well turned out, these frocks, with their dainty, transparent sleeves and yokes, are quite as effective as the more discovered and uncovered effects, as is evidenced by their popularity even amongst quite young girls. Cardinal points to be noticed in the newest models are the fichu evening-bodice, which makes the V-décolletage most obvious. Sashes of painted mousseline, lace, and other attractive flimsinesses are also used, and gigantic paillettes of silk and velvet mark this year's gowns from last.

One of the newest evening-cloaks sent over from Paris for the Opera Season here was shown me by the owner thereof. Long, flowing folds of buttercup-yellow velvet, flounced and cascaded with *écru* Irish guipure, fell away from an Empire yoke of the same lace. Orange and golden-brown chenille paillettes as large as strawberries were stitched in groups between festoons of lace. The lining was faint-green satin, the whole garment an epic. These velvet discs will, in fact, play a large part in the immediate fashions of the future, until they are cheapened and relegated to the High Streets of the suburbs.

In out-of-door garments we are gradually approaching another era of the dolman. It is foreshadowed in the elongated collar, and almost promised in the resuscitated "visite" which again commands attention at the foremost dressmakers'. To me the dolman tribe of garment seems incomplete and inartistic. It has neither the flowing folds of cloak nor the shapely symmetry of coat, but is a sort of mongrel of both. However, the deft, *chic* dressmaker of to-day will doubtless do much in rounding off its angularities, and for the elderly matron, if one is left in the land, a dolman is, of course, the ideal wearable.

During this persistent east wind, which Kingsley loved and Chaucer hated, ordinary mortals suffer in many ways, but in none more painfully than a parched skin and chapped lips. For these and other malaises of the sort I find a sovereign remedy in "Crème Simon," which is a Paris preparation, but obtainable anywhere; that is to say, at any decent chemist's in town. It softens the skin and keeps it beautifully white



A CHARMING SPRING TOILETTE. [Copyright.]

and smooth. Another invaluable daily companion at this, and, indeed, all times of year, is "Wright's Coal Tar Soap," an amalgam as well known as the Monument, but much more generally esteemed.

It would appear that, by some obscure process of mental aberration on the type-setter's part, perhaps, in a recent review of Bird's classic "Custard Powder," that delectable compound which accompanies our fruit-tarts so economically and mellifluously was basely traduced and spoken of as a possible constituent in pastry and pudding making. Perish the thought! "Bird's Custard Powder" fulfils but its single office, and that how effectually only those who eat custards and enjoy them may say. For the rest, a certain egg-powder which usurps the mother hen's function and supplies the larder with indefinite packets of "substituted service" was, no doubt, the subject of the subsequent panegyric; but of the "aloofness" of "Bird's Custard Powder" from this there must be in the minds of all men no possible doubt whatever.

SYBIL.

Miss Bertini Humphrys will give a Morning Concert on Tuesday, May 12 (3.30 p.m.), at 79, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W., by

kind permission of Mrs. Hankey Dobree. Miss Humphrys will be assisted by Madame Denza (contralto), Miss Fanny Woolf (violin), Signor Angelo Mascheroni (piano), Signor Alfred Moscarella (tenor), and Mr. Robert Thrane (cello). Mr. Alfred Wellesley will recite, and Miss Maud Evans will be at the piano.



CHALLENGE CUP PRESENTED BY THE KING
TO THE MILITIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Among the pictures of "The Clandestine Marriage" published in last week's issue, one, through a regrettable mistake, bore the legend "Miss Violet Darrell as Betty." While it is true that Miss Darrell plays Betty, the photograph was that of Miss Maidie Hope in the part of another chamber-maid.

The King has recently shown the deep interest which he takes in the Militia by presenting the Militia Rifle Association with a beautifully chased

silver cup, to be held from year to year by the battalion the Company officers of which make the best independent practice in the annual course prescribed for trained men. No battalion will be considered qualified unless all its Company officers present at the annual training shall have fired the course. The cup was won for the first time by the 7th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Colonel Viscount Hardinge, A.D.C. It was specially designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington, of Cheapside, E.C.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that, commencing on Friday, May 1, they will supplement their luncheon and dining-car service by attaching a breakfast-car for first and third-class passengers to the express leaving Nottingham (Victoria) at 7.52 a.m. and London Road, High-level, at 7.56 a.m., due at London (King's Cross) 10.40 a.m. A luncheon-car for first and third class passengers will also be attached to the down express leaving London (King's Cross) at 12.30 p.m., due Nottingham (London Road, High-level) at 3.28 p.m., Victoria, 3.33 p.m.

The Bowden Brake has been before the public for a number of years, and has attained a degree of popularity among cyclists unsurpassed by any invention of the kind. Its success has been achieved solely on merits, for the Bowden Brake Company have endeavoured with marked success to keep well abreast of the times in adapting their speciality to every class of machine. Cyclists would be well-advised to write to 151, Farringdon Road, E.C., for "The Book of the Bowden Brake" and other publications issued by the Company, giving particulars of the latest additions and improvements made to meet the needs of riders who wish to be up-to-date.

At a luncheon given at Messrs. Booth's Distillery, Cow Cross Street, E.C., Mr. J. W. Bashford, the Chairman of the Company, explained the nature of the new-century drink known as "Felixir." He vouched for the absolute purity of it, and that it was actually what it claimed to be, a "new drink" the like of which had never been put on the market before. "Felixir" is claimed to be the purest and most wholesome spirit ever offered to the public. For years the perfecting of this spirit has received the undivided attention of the proprietors, and they claim that it contains no indigestible properties, is free from diuretic influences, doubly distilled, free from fusel-oil, and absolutely pure.

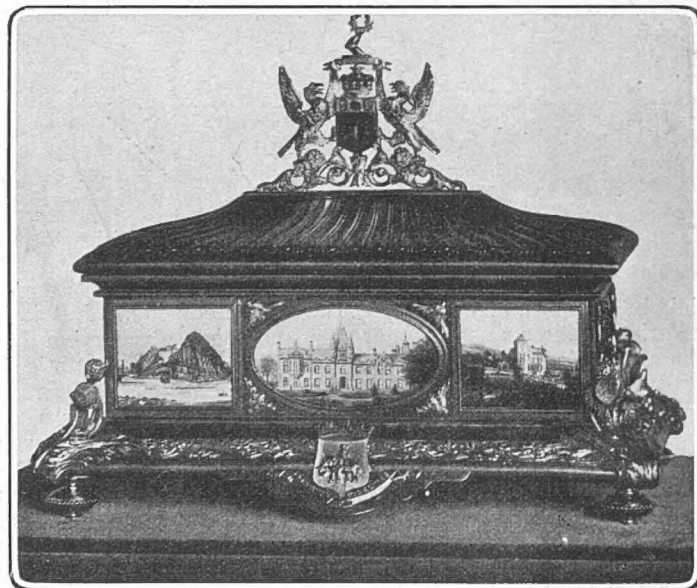
MR. MAX WOLFSTHAL'S RECITAL.

MR. MAX WOLFSTHAL, a day or two ago, essayed Max Bruch's Concerto in G at a violin recital which he gave at the St. James's Hall. Now Max Bruch is a composer who is extremely exacting, and who demands from the player the very limit of that which is in him—chiefly because he knows precisely how far he can stretch the vocation of the violin. Mr. Wolfsthal did not, however, come through the ordeal with perfect success. He played somewhat thinly, and at times, in more difficult passages, it seemed quite clear that he was not altogether equal to the intricacies of the composition. He also played Bach's "Adagio and Fugue" in G Minor with energy and a certain amount of determination, but scarcely reaching precisely the point where Bach realised in this composition the greatness and fineness of the musical inspiration which had visited his spirit when he set out upon setting down its record.

Owing to the increase of business, due in a large measure to the introduction of their new Fluid Beef, "Oxo," the Liebig Company have transferred their offices to a magnificent suite of up-to-date premises, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, next-door to the beautiful "Lloyd's Registry" building.

While so many Cycle Companies are lamenting lack of business, the Raleigh Company is among the notable exceptions. In one department, at least, they have orders fully three months ahead, and "The Book of the Raleigh," just issued, shows by its illustrations and letter-press that the employes are not only amply provided with work but also with amusement for their leisure hours. The Raleigh Company have just introduced a new-pattern motor-bicycle, called the "Gazelle," which should have a wide vogue. Priced at the moderate figure of forty guineas, this machine is fitted with the two horse-power Minerva motor and mechanical inlet valve, is mounted on an excellently finished and strengthened frame, the fork crown being an especially strong piece of work, and, with its spray carburetter, throttle valves, twisted belt-drive, force-pump, sight lubricator, high-tension ignition, Dunlop two-inch special tyres, and various other improvements, should meet and satisfy the aspirations of even the most exigent motor-cyclist.

Lord Overtoun of Overtoun was recently presented with the Freedom of the ancient Burgh of Dumbarton, which was contained in the magnificent casket illustrated herewith. Beautiful views of the Municipal Buildings of Dumbarton, besides Dumbarton Castle and Lord Overtoun's seat, in coloured enamel adorn the front of this elegant box, and an artistic touch is given by the Arms of his Lordship appearing at the top, whilst the Arms of the City rest at the base. The thistle plays a very prominent part in the ornamentation.



CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD OVERTOUN BY THE BURGH
OF DUMBARTON.

The designing and manufacturing was in the hands of the well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-one (from January 21 to April 15, 1903) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 12.

THE CITY AND THE BUDGET.

WHATEVER disappointment was experienced over the refusal of the Bank directors to put down the rate, was more than counterbalanced by the enthusiasm with which Mr. Ritchie's first Budget was received. The most sanguine person had not hoped for a reduction in the income-tax of more than threepence, and when the House realised that a remission of a penny more was actually given, and that the sinking-fund would be larger during the coming year by nearly a million than it was in 1902-3, jubilation became general. As to the corn tax, nobody felt it, and nobody cared two straws whether it was repealed or not. On the whole, the City was delighted with Mr. Ritchie's Easter-egg, which could only have been improved by substituting tea and sugar for corn in the repeal of duties schedule.

THE WELSBACH SCHEME.

In these columns we have several times referred to the coming Welsbach reconstruction scheme, and have advised shareholders, especially Preference shareholders, to accept the inevitable without insisting on their "pound of flesh." The scheme is now public property, and is very much as we expected. On purely legal grounds, it may be impossible to defend the cutting-down of the Preference capital until the junior securities are completely wiped out; but, inasmuch as the votes of these junior-security holders are necessary to the carrying-out of any scheme, the directors, like practical men, have been obliged to throw "a sop to the devil," and, on the whole, in our opinion, they have produced a very fair and workable arrangement, which, if it sins at all, sins on the side of leaving too large a sum for goodwill, especially as this item is now practically unsupported by patents. The net result of the reorganisation will be that the Preference holders will get a prior claim on the profits to the extent of £36,000 a-year, and about one-half of the available profits over and above this amount. We have no doubt some of our financial contemporaries will be filled with letters from indignant Preference shareholders, with the usual talk about "spoliation," "robbery," and the like, but our advice to our readers is to support the scheme, and to vote straight for the honest body of directors they have now got at the head of affairs.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber bounded into the carriage like an indiarubber ball.

"I beg pardon of whosoever feet they were I trod on," he apologised.

"Silly fool!" growled The Broker, rubbing his shins as though he were in pain. "D'you think we *all* soak our feet in alum and other nastiness to harden them every night?"

"Ah, Brokie," returned his confrère, "you really ought to be going in for this walk. It would take as much off you as Ritchie has knocked off the income-tax."

"Four ounces in the pound of flesh?" laughed The Engineer. "That's a pretty tall order, isn't it?"

"Why hasn't the Budget had more effect?" The Merchant wanted to know.

"Simply because the public will not come in," The Broker replied.

"What does it mean when you say 'the public won't come in'?"

The phrase is in every Stock Exchange mouth, but I confess," admitted The Engineer, "that it is more or less meaningless to me."

The Banker looked up and answered the question—

"They wish to infer that, until a large amount of capital begins to be attracted to the stock markets, and to be sunk in their securities, no upward move is likely to take place."

"That is to say," paraphrased The City Editor, unnecessarily, "unless people will buy things all round the Stock Exchange, the present dullness must certainly continue."

"When you've all finished giving your ideas of what—," The Jobber commenced, rather hotly, but The Broker averted the signs of a squall by saying—

"Home Railways are more than ever the right things to buy. I am convinced of it."

"I see they've started Districts again," observed The Engineer, who was professionally interested in the electric-traction question.

"And are going to put them better still," added The Broker. "You can buy Districts for 45."

"Do you really think so?" asked the cautious City Editor. "I mean to say, can I conscientiously recommend them for a rise?"

"As a speculation, decidedly you can," replied The Broker. "At least, that's my own idea; and, for investment, I am still sticking to Great Western Ordinary."

"What a rise Rosey Deferred has had!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Do you know, I was on the very pin-point of buying myself five when the price was 46, and now look at 'em!"

"What is the stock?" inquired The Banker.

"Buenos Ayres and Rosario Deferred, sir. And I verily believe there's another ten-point jump in the stuff even now."

"The Argentine Republic is undoubtedly in a very prosperous state," commented he of Lombard Street. "I am informed by correspondents at Buenos Ayres that it will be virtually impossible to move all the crops within the next six months, so great is the harvest."

"We shall have a South American emigration rush next year," cried The Merchant, "similar to that which is now taking our people by thousands to Canada."

"I can tell you what you *will* see," put in The Broker, "and that is a boomlet in Argentine

mining shares some day. Why, man, Egypt is a dust-hole in comparison with the riches of the Plate!"

"Brokie, racing will be your undoing one of these days!" admonished The Jobber. "I only want—"

"Get out! Go and run behind the train. It will do your alummied feet good and get you into prime condition for May the First."

"Politeness, thy name is Broker!" and The Jobber gently raised his glossy silk-hat with a reverent motion.

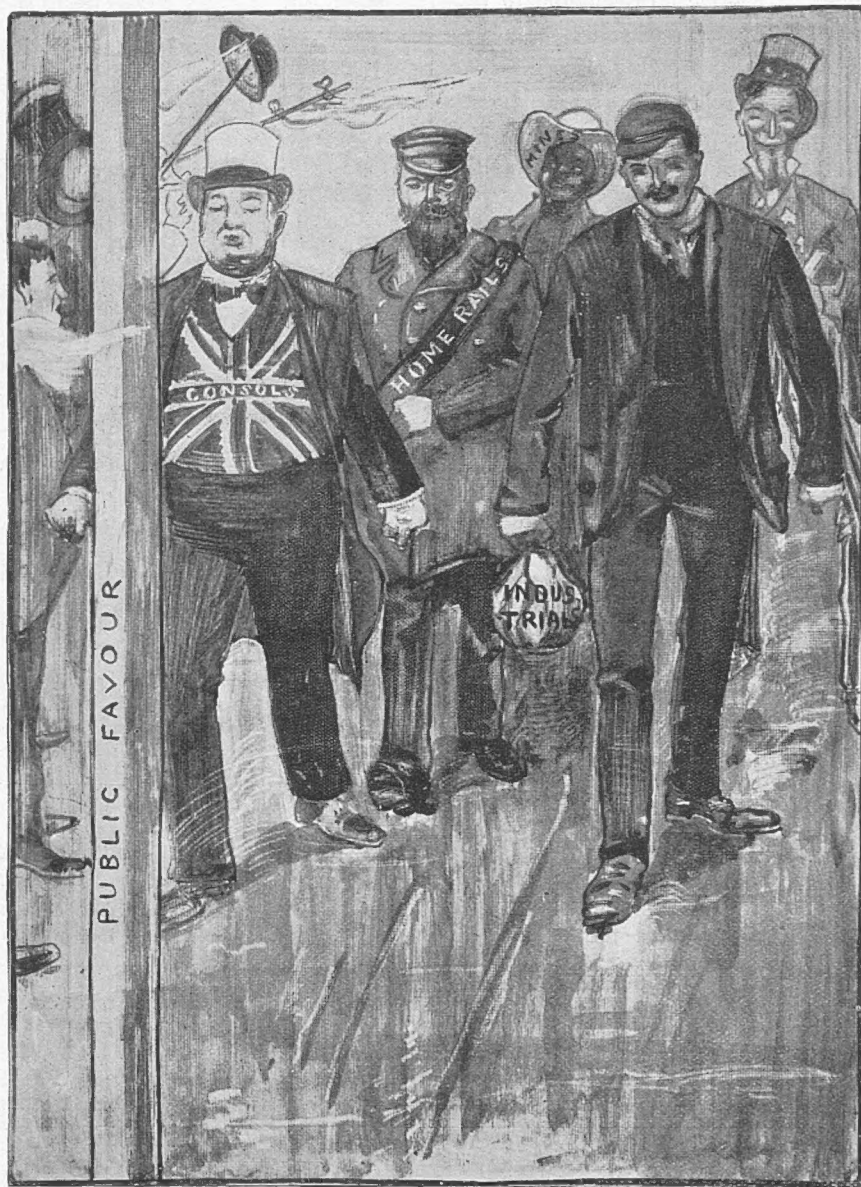
"With all due deference," The Merchant was saying, "I can't see where the rise in Allsopps is coming from. What do you think, Brokie?"

"I think Allsopps are bound to come down," he replied. "For investment, why not buy Slaters or Lyons or Breads? They will all be helped by the remission of the corn duty."

"I bought some Trunks for a gamble, the other day," remarked The Engineer. "They went dull on the traffic, and I picked up a few Ordinary pretty cheaply."

"Of course, the two next statements may have a bad effect upon the market—," began The City Editor.

"They are discounted by this time, in my opinion."



THE MAY-DAY WALK: NEARING THE WINNING-POST.

DRAWN BY E. JARRETT.

"Perhaps. But why didn't you buy Thirds, as they get a dividend and the Ordinary doesn't?"

"I have some of those taken up," said the other. "I am sure they will be a fine property one of these days."

"Commend me to Canadian Pacific," The Banker began. "As an improving investment they would be difficult to—"

"Improve upon," The Jobber finished. "My dear sir, I am glad you didn't mention Kaffirs, because I greatly fear we are in for a further prolongation of fearful dullness."

"You never know your luck," observed The Merchant, consolingly. "Although I can't say I see much hope for your market at present."

"Good mind I'd throw it up and drown myself," was The Jobber's cheerful reflection.

"That would be a change from your present occupation," chimed in The Engineer.

"What d' you mean?" asked the gloomy one.

"Well, you would come out of it with clean hands, anyway," and the language that ensued would have done no dishonour to the House of Commons itself on an Irish night.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The Budget practically over—that is, so far as its immediate effect upon the stock markets is concerned—there remains but the new Transvaal Loan as an impediment to estimating the outlook for Stock Exchange business during the second quarter of the year. For no less than seven months the anticipated issue of a heavy Transvaal Loan, bearing a British guarantee, has sentimentally competed with Consols and other high-class securities, much to their disadvantage. The knowledge that such an emission would in time be made in a popular form, has induced the keeping of a good deal of capital on deposit with bankers at short notice. This money, and much more, will shortly be released, and, assuming that the new issue be a great popular success, it may be taken for granted that a fair proportion of the money eager to be employed in the Loan will be returned to applicants for the stock. The burning question, from the Stock Exchange point of view, is whether this capital will be allowed to return to Lombard Street on deposit or will it seek more permanent sources of investment through ordinary market channels?

AN ARRAY OF ATTRACTIONS.

Considering the tempting array of strict Trustee and other high-class securities which are now spread before the purchaser at low quotations, the "House" hope that the public will not neglect its present opportunities must be admitted as reasonable enough. Home Railway Ordinary stocks can, in several instances, be bought to pay rates which, in years not so long gone by, would have been regarded as magnificent. The Canadian boomlet has unlocked the door of alluring potentialities in the Dominion. The prosperity of the Argentine Republic must be obvious even to the mind of a *Times* Correspondent, and the avidity with which the Port of Buenos Ayres 5 per cent. Bonds were snapped up at 89 a few days back is sufficient evidence that the old suspicion against all things Argentine is pretty well dead. There are many Industrial shares cheap enough to justify detailed elaboration of their merits, and we shall return to these later on. Even the Mexican Railway section trembles with incipient life now that the dividend on the First Preference stock shows that the hoped-for improvement is on the road to accomplishment. Only against the Yankee Market does there exist any widespread fear lest the ice is too thin to bear the bulls, for the Kaffir gamblers, be they bull or bear, unanimously acknowledge that an improvement in business would bring about a sharp rise. West Africans for the moment may be dead, but Westralians still have a certain amount of animation left in them. Here, then, is the position: Markets round the Stock Exchange are instinct with life, but while there is so much mere tone and so little real trade—consequent upon the aloofness of the public—prices cannot substantially improve.

Saturday, April 25, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

SAPPHO.—We really do not understand what you are in such a state of terror about. If your money had been in Consols you would have been much worse off. Whatever you invest in is liable to fluctuations of price. We strongly urge you to hold all the investments in the list you send us. The income is absolutely safe, and there is every prospect of recovery when trade gets slack and money is cheap again. The Maples Pref. are very good, and worth $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$, which is very little below your price. If you sell out, the only thing you can do with the money is to put it in an old stocking and sit upon it. As to competition being too strong, &c., it is all rubbish; the Company is making splendid profits.

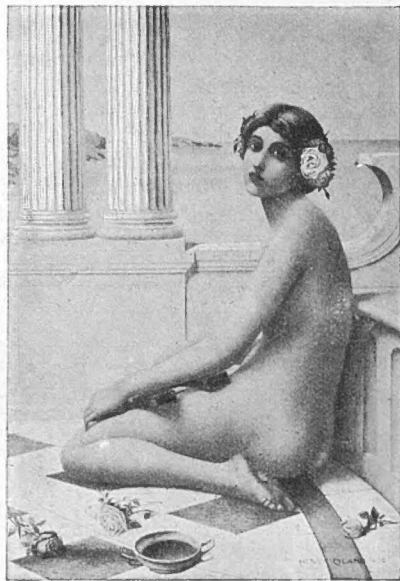
R. L.—One pound a share is, considering what you have paid in calls and what the shares cost in the first place, practically giving them away. We advise you to hold, at any rate for a time.

GAMBLE.—These Lottery Bonds seem to have a great attraction for many correspondents. It only shows on what a desperate enterprise Mr. Hawke and the Anti-Gambling League are engaged. Don't buy through the Paris firm, but employ Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, if you will have a plunge.

J. F. (Perth)—Have nothing to do with the British Investors Underwriting Corporation or its precious Oil Company.

K. K.—The concern is promising and has valuable assets in the Transvaal.

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